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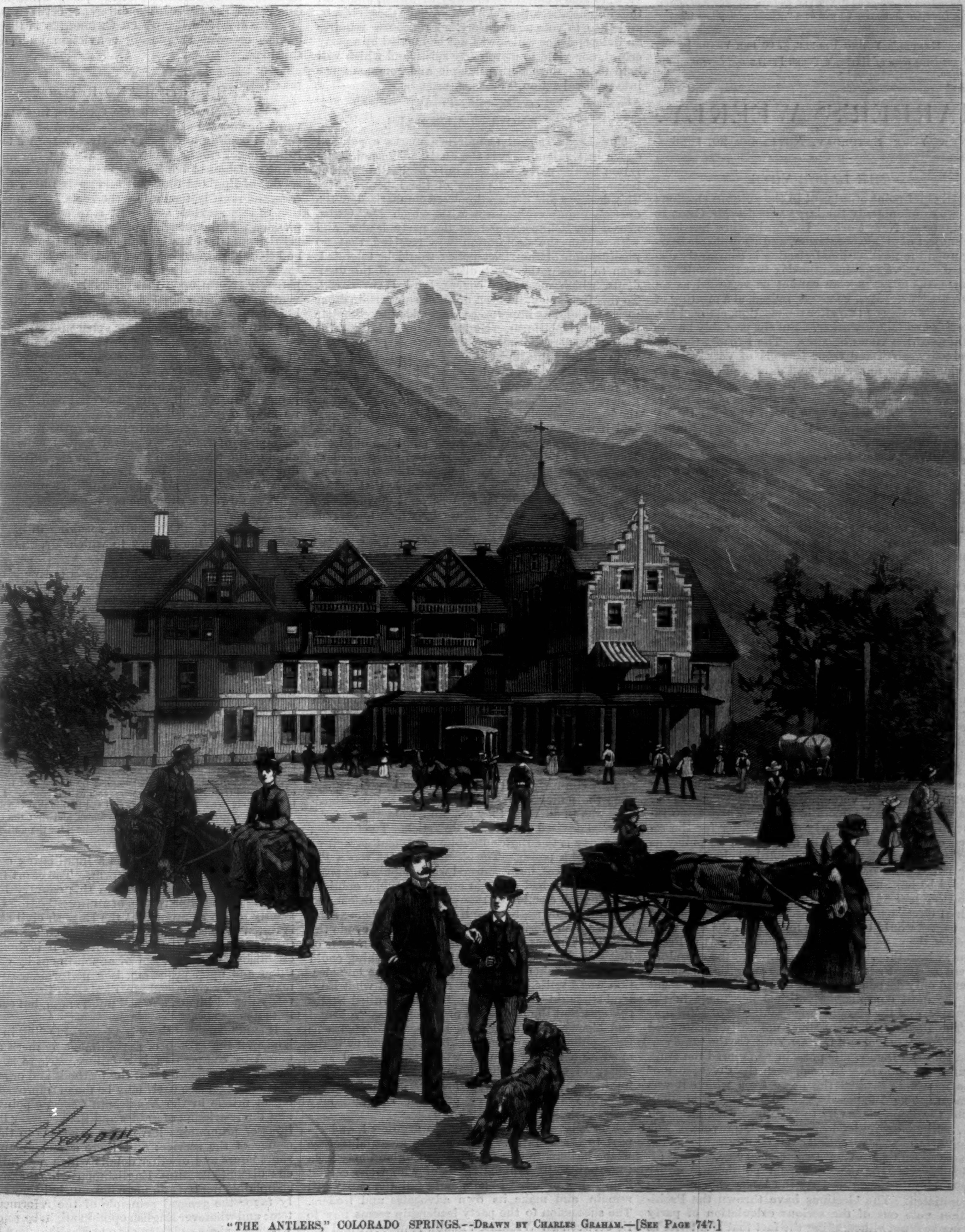


"THE ANTLERS," COLORADO SPRINGS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 747.]

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is deservedly one of the most favorite magazines among all those enjoyed by the lucky little folks of the present day....It is full of interesting matter. The pen-and-ink illustrations are exceptionally good, the stories are full of incident, and the entertaining little letters in the Post-office Box should afford the greatest delight to their juvenile readers and writers."—*Lady's Pictorial, London.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The third and concluding instalment of MRS. LILLIE'S *thoughtful and touching story, "Hazel," is given in the current number, happily heralding the approach of the Christmas season.*

"The Flamingo Feather" increases in interest as it advances, and there is also a short humorous sketch, entitled "John Henry's 'Best Pants.'"

The front-page illustration is engraved after a photograph, and bears the title

"IN CLOVER."

Other illustrations are a page by F. S. CHURCH, N.A., *devoted to the infant hippopotamus recently imported for the zoological collection in Central Park, New York; illustrations by* T. DE THULSTRUP *and* MISS ALICE BARBER, *accompanying the serial stories; and humorous drawings by* P. NEWELL, CULMER BARNES, *and others.*

The issue for November 23 will be a "Thanksgiving" number.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent on application.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1886.

THE LABOR VOTE.

THE chief point of interest in the autumn elections was undoubtedly the large vote for Mr. GEORGE as Mayor of New York. Its significance has been the subject of great speculation, and its probable bearing upon the next national election is constantly discussed. As we said upon the day that the result was known, the GEORGE vote cannot be regarded as an anarchic vote. Mrs. PARSONS, indeed, at a meeting of anarchists a day or two after the election, claimed Mr. GEORGE as a fellow-worker. But she probably knows nothing of his views or aims. The support that he received was derived from persons of very various opinions. The anarchists and dangerous classes, so far as they voted, gave him their votes. The German socialists—a body which comprises many sober, honest, and industrious men given to social theory and speculation—supported him. Many practical philanthropists and students voted for him; and the labor unions were of his party. The GEORGE vote, upon the whole, was a declaration of discontent with the existing situation, and of the desirability of a change in the relations of labor to capital in the distribution of the fruits of industry. But it was unaccompanied with any definite practical scheme, and no such scheme is possible, because there is no common agreement as to measures and remedies. As we said last week, it will be very fortunate if the labor party should be able to state a policy plainly and comprehensibly.

Meanwhile the success of the "labor vote," as it is vaguely called, in the election of certain representatives implies a serious change in the composition and relation of parties, and of the political situation. The importance, and perhaps the decisive importance, of the vote of New York in the next general election is conceded. But if nearly 70,000 votes have been cast for the labor candidate in the city of New York alone, the amount of the labor vote in the State can be readily inferred. A fair proportion in all the large cities of the State would make it the controlling force in New York, and in the determination of the result, should the vote of New York be essential. The larger part of the labor vote—probably three-quarters—is drawn from the Democratic party. There is no inducement which that party could proffer for the return of the vote, except the adoption of its policy as the Democratic platform. The political change which the appearance of the labor vote would precipitate would be hastened by the radical difference between the President and his party disclosed by the Congressional elections. The disposition of the Democratic managers would be to make terms with the new vote, even at the expense of the renomination of the President, which they hope to prevent. But the abandonment of the President as the Democratic candidate would only deepen the chaos, and leave the President as the most conspicuous political personage in the country, and the accepted representative of reform.

The Republican party press naturally encouraged the GEORGE movement in New York, for the same reason that the Democratic press in '84 favored the Mugwump movement. In each case the divergence of the new vote injured the party from which it was drawn. The Democrats gained by the Mugwump vote, the Republicans by the GEORGE vote, although in neither case was it a sympathetic vote. The Mugwump was essentially a Republican, as the GEORGE was mainly a Democratic vote. The instinctive view of the "practical politician," under these circumstances, is that the labor vote must be propitiated. The elections have thrown the Prohibition vote out of the serious calculation of party managers, notwithstanding the fact that it is twice as large as in 1884, and as the situation is already obscured by the Independent vote, the obvious policy of the Democratic managers is to frustrate, if possible, a general labor party organization, and of the Republicans to foster it. Mr. GEORGE is the natural labor party leader. He is radically opposed to Mr. BLAINE as a protectionist and the monopoly candidate, and it is not easy to see upon what grounds any alliance between them could be proposed. But if the labor party could be sustained and encouraged to nominate a candidate in 1888, the secession from the Democratic party would help the chance of Mr. BLAINE. This is so evident that the temptation of the Democratic managers to go far enough to absorb the labor vote will be very great. But such an effort would lead to another fatal Democratic secession—that of the conservative element of the party. In this situation there is but one course for good citizens to pursue. It is to understand clearly the objects which they have in view, to study carefully the way in which, under all the circumstances, they can best promote those objects, and then to vote accordingly. This course requires an independence which will not be hustled by a party crowd, nor yield to mere party spirit, and which will help to introduce both principle and common-sense into political action.

THE ENGLISH LIBERALS.

THE Leeds Liberal Conference marks a political epoch in England. It is the final and formal declaration by the party, and not only by its leader, that home rule is the chief policy of the Liberal party. This decision and declaration were emphasized by the overwhelming enthusiasm with which Mr. GLADSTONE was acknowledged as the party leader, and with which the declaration was received that no modification of the strict policy would be tolerated, even to regain the most distinguished of the dissidents, which means, of course, Lord HARTINGTON. To this fundamental object of home rule certain other measures of less importance were added to complete the Liberal platform. But the surprise is that the Liberal leaders did not reclaim their party measures upon which the light-fingered Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL laid his hand, and of which they are the original advocates. There is no question that the general policy known as Liberal is most agreeable to the English people. But the Liberals have now overlaid it with the measure which the country has just rejected. This has given a shifty politician like Lord RANDOLPH his opportunity. He has announced as the Tory programme the general Liberal scheme minus home rule, and it is quite possible that as that is precisely what the country desires, it may accept a Tory government as the agency by which to carry it out.

This, indeed, is to play ducks and drakes with the received theory of parties. It deprives them at once of all pretence of principle, and converts them into associations to obtain place. It is an illustration of the statesmanship and political morality of BEACONSFIELD and his disciple Lord RANDOLPH. But it is a plan as ingenious as it is unprincipled. It proceeds upon the conviction that the country is resolutely hostile to home rule, and that it will therefore take the chance of securing other desirable ends by a Tory agency. The course of the Liberal Conference is said to have condemned the party to long exclusion from power. But even were that result assured, what other course was honorably open? In 1856 the Republican party in this country was beaten at the polls. Would the Republican leaders have shown more practical wisdom if they had said that they had outrun the country, and that they had better put in abeyance the policy of restricting slavery? Their business was to do what they did, and what SUMNER afterward advised STANTON to do—stick. The function of a party is to enlighten public sentiment as well as to execute a policy. The election of 1856 was a Republican defeat, but it showed what astonishing progress the party had made in changing public opinion. The English election of 1886 was a Liberal defeat, but it showed how nearly ripe England is for home rule. The English Tories and Unionists cannot evade the debate. The question of Ireland is the main issue of British politics until it is settled, and nothing could be more mistaken than the theory that the late election was a settlement. It merely showed what England thought in 1886. In 1856 the United States thought that the restriction of slavery was "a brutal and bloody manifesto." In 1860 they adopted it as their policy. The Democratic party acted as if the opposition to agitation of what it denounced as a policy of civil war and national disintegration was final, and it lost control of the government for twenty-four years. The Tory party in England may easily make the same mistake.

The Liberals will continue the argument, and appeal to the country. They have a great advantage in the leadership of a man whom England may for a time politically repudiate, but of whom she cannot help being proud. If he should fall, the cause will remain, and make its own advocates and leaders. The succession to the party leadership seems now to lie between Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT and Mr. JOHN MORLEY. Sir WILLIAM is perhaps the most unpopular public man in England. Mr. MORLEY is a thoroughly equipped student of historical and theoretical politics, who as author and editor has exercised a marked liberalizing influence upon public opinion. He is a very recent figure in practical politics, but his character, his ability and accomplishment and courage, have given him great distinction and rapid promotion. He is regarded as a *doctrinaire*, but every man who comes late into active politics through literature and study must expect to be so considered until he has proved his practical talent. It is Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S misfortune to be regarded as a temporizing, and although a very clever, not a very sincere, politician, while Mr. MORLEY is held to be most earnest in his convictions, and of proved courage. He has been undoubtedly one of Mr. GLADSTONE'S most efficient and most trusted lieutenants, and there is no question of the strong influence that he will exert in the party while home rule is its chief issue. The difference between JOHN MORLEY and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is the difference between conquering conviction and clever shiftiness.

THE PARTIES AND REFORM.

IN one of Mr. BLAINE'S late speeches in Pennsylvania he sneered at civil service reform and reformers, and quoting a despatch of Mr. SMALLEY'S to the New York *Tribune*, said of it, "We get the humiliating but honest confession in regard to the civil service of England that that service is rotten to the core, and must be torn up by the roots." The intention of this reckless statement is to convey the impression that the principle of appointment upon competition and by examination has failed in England, and that those in America who advocate appointment by proved merit are utterly discredited. But it is precisely reform upon that principle which the Convention which nominated Mr. BLAINE declared had begun auspiciously under the Republican party, and ought to be completed, and its spirit and purpose observed in all Executive appointments. In his letter of acceptance Mr. BLAINE elaborately commended the removal of appointments "from the caprice of favoritism," and magnified his own practical fidelity to the principle in appointments to West Point. In fact, he made a great bid for the support of reformers. The Republican party has claimed to be the especial champion of reform. General LOGAN calls it the child of the Republican party. But Mr. BLAINE, bidding again for the Republican nomination, cannot contain his scorn for the "English" project, and whistles down the wind one of the declared principles of his party.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, speaking in his Dartford speech of the inquiry to which Mr. SMALLEY'S despatch alludes, says:

> "We have appointed a Royal Commission to investigate into the scale and cost of our system of government in this country. We know that the expenditure of this country has been increasing rapidly, and we want to be certain on one point—that we get our money's worth for the taxes which we spend, and we want to be perfectly certain that it is not in our power to make considerable reductions and simplifications of that expenditure."

The objects of the inquiry (the first for ten years, and a very proper inquiry), as officially stated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in a minute laid before Parliament, are

> "that her Majesty's advisers desire to satisfy themselves that the clerical establishments of the civil service, of the Naval and Military Departments, and also of the Revenue Department, are organized generally upon a principle which secures efficiency without undue cost to the public....The Board will understand that the appointment of this Commission implies no distrust of the body of men who render such excellent service to the crown. It is intended solely to assure Parliament and the public that the departments are organized upon sound principles, and that the cost of them is sufficient, but not more than sufficient, for the duties to be performed."

This is what Mr. BLAINE calls a humiliating confession of the total failure of reform. The effort to discredit the reform movement in this country by describing the possible results of an investigation which is only begun as proof that the English civil service is rotten to the core, and is about to be torn up by the roots, and to attribute that result, if it should be established, to the system of appointment by competition and upon probation, is a performance which may possibly commend Mr. BLAINE to those who already regard him as a model public man, but certainly to no one else.

It is not true that there is a general feeling in England that the system of appointment by merit ascertained by competition is a failure. There is, however, a strong feeling that the methods and organization of the service itself may be much improved. A recent article in the *Nineteenth Century* points out that the restriction of grades and the arbitrary limitations of promotions have been injurious to the efficiency of the service; and there are complaints of short hours and of other details which naturally excite discontent. But Englishmen who make these complaints not only do not condemn, but they strongly favor the general principle of the reformed system; and whatever English opinion might be, and with whatever vigor or laxity sound principles may be ap-

plied to the English service, the testimony of the heads of the largest offices in this country, such as ex-Collector ROBERTSON, of New York, and Postmaster PEARSON, of New York, with the ex-heads of departments in Washington, have given ample and hearty testimony to the valuable results of the reformed system. It is probable that there will be a determined Democratic effort, like that of the Eighteenth District in the city of New York, to commit the party to a demand for the repeal of the reform law and a general renunciation of reform. There are plenty of Republicans also who would be glad to see their party take the same position, and the tone of Mr. BLAINE'S remarks will greatly encourage them. We doubt very much whether the Republican managers, who hope to secure a large Democratic contingent at the polls, as in 1884, will push very zealously the issue of reform. Hitherto the words have described something so vague that they could be used to attract the intelligent. But now that they are shown to mean that the offices will not be distributed to "the boys," but to those who are fit for them, reform is a very much more dangerous demand to manage. We shall be very much surprised if the next Republican National Convention repeats or strengthens the reform demand of the last.

THE DAY AT HARVARD.

THE celebration of the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard University was, as an alumnus well said, a striking display of the power of the university. The assembly was probably the most remarkable for eminence in many departments that has ever been gathered in the country, and the various literary exercises were worthy of the occasion. They were not especially self-congratulatory or "bumptious," but, on the contrary, they were rather critical and suggestive. No son of Harvard, indeed, could help a certain pride of feeling that his *alma mater* had been the source and influence of so much that is great and best in our history, and there was a propriety which no other institution in the country can contest in the conferring of degrees by the most ancient of our universities upon the eminent masters of literature and science in other colleges. The scene was very impressive as one good gray head after another arose, amid thunders of applause, at the calling of the name by the president of the university, and the scholar stood while, and for this great occasion only, in the vernacular the president characterized in brief, crisp, pointed phrase the service which was signalized and honored by the degree. The dignity of manner and the clear resonant voice of President ELIOT made the ceremony exceedingly impressive.

The occasion culminated with the noble concluding words of the address of Mr. LOWELL. They were a most fitting and felicitous expression of confidence in the high purpose and courage of the President—such an expression as gives inspiration and vigor to lofty endeavor. With consummate grace and modesty they effaced for the moment the orator himself, who quietly withdrew amid the storm of enthusiasm which filled the theatre for several minutes. The scene has probably been paralleled but once in the annals of Harvard, when in 1824 EDWARD EVERETT concluded his oration before the Phi Beta Kappa by his address to LAFAYETTE, who sat beside him upon the platform. To say that Mr. LOWELL'S address was fully worthy of the orator and of the occasion is to speak its highest praise. The consciousness of great and universal anticipation, of the character and significance of the event, and of the almost painful responsibility of him who was called fitly to express it, might well have oppressed any man. But whatever may have been Mr. LOWELL'S own forecast or apprehension, he must have felt as he proceeded how complete was the satisfaction and how universal the feeling which led one of the most distinguished of the foreign guests to say that no university in Europe could have commanded such a commemorative discourse. The greeting of the poet also was, as Mr. SMALLEY said in the *Tribune*, almost affectionate. The venerable and venerated laureate of Harvard once more, and naturally in a strain of tender reminiscence, touched the melodious lyre that Cambridge men and days have known and loved so long. To see and to hear upon such an occasion two of the chiefs of our literature was a good fortune which will not be forgotten.

But not the least memorable event of the day was the presence of President CLEVELAND. To him the scene was wholly new. He is not a college man, and knows little of college traditions; but he is the leader of a party of courage, strength of purpose, and fidelity to duty, as the orator said; and he found himself among its most earnest members. There is no living man who would be received by that great concourse of intelligent, high-minded, independent, and patriotic Americans as President CLEVELAND was received. The greeting left him in no doubt whatever that the more closely he holds the rudder true, the more warmly will he be supported by his fellow-countrymen. From the moment of his appearance in Cambridge, at every mention of his name or allusion to him, the same enthusiasm broke forth, and its sincerity and value were symbolized by the fact that its finest and loftiest expression were the words of the orator who, under Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration, had been withdrawn from a most conspicuous post, and who, as was wittily said upon another occasion, saluted, like St. Denis, with his head under his arm. The President's speech at the dinner was admirable and impressive. In common with every good citizen he desires that the incumbent of the great office which he fills shall be treated with the candor and fair play that honest men everywhere accord to each other; and with sobriety and earnestness, but without undue feeling, he denounced the mean and cowardly course toward the President to which a part of the press prostitutes itself. The remarks were received with an uproar of satisfaction, and their stinging force has been proved by the "ghoulish" cries of the press which they plainly characterized. The warmth of the reception in Cambridge was continued in Boston. Faneuil Hall and the Vendome were crowded for three or four hours with throngs of citizens eager to see the President whom they believe to be honestly aiming to secure good government. It was not a partisan but a patriotic demonstration; and there can be no question that the personal impression produced by the President was most favorable. Nowhere has he had a more disinterested or more efficient body of friends and supporters than in Massachusetts, and nowhere has he been more bitterly traduced. But his political opponents in that State have now seen in the character and sincerity of the popular tribute offered to him the instinctive loyalty of American citizens, not to a scholar, nor to a military hero, nor to a mere party leader, nor only to the Chief Magistrate of the republic, but to an honest, courageous, and patriotic public man.

A YOUNG REPRESENTATIVE.

AMONG the new Representatives to the next Congress the city of New York sends Mr. LLOYD S. BRYCE, whom the *Evening Post*, in its "Voters' Manual," on the eve of election, described as "a man of leisure and of high character; son-in-law of EDWARD COOPER; never held public office." Mr. BRYCE will be probably the youngest man in Congress, and his course will be watched with great interest and anticipation, for there was never a time when circumstances more clearly invited a high-minded and independent man who would succeed in public life to identify himself with what Governor ROBINSON in a recent speech well called "clean politics."

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

LONDON was seriously alarmed by the late threatened socialist demonstration on Lord Mayor's Day. There was a general panic. The shop windows were boarded up. The police were all on duty, and troops were assembled in case of necessity. The Lord Mayor's procession was hissed and hooted in Trafalgar Square, and when it had passed, red flags were produced, and the speaking began. The speakers said that the people would show that they could hold an orderly meeting to let the public know what immense distress and suffering prevailed among the working-men of England.

Another speaker said:

"We want food, work, and dwelling-places for all, and all will have them. The socialists pledged the unemployed of London that they would make this demonstration to-day to contrast before the world the extreme poverty of London's unemployed with the extreme wealth and plenty of the city's upper classes, and the socialists have kept their word. We have given this answer to Sir CHARLES WARREN. Resolutions of a proper kind will be adopted, and they will be sent to the Marquis of Salisbury and to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, and they will be compelled to listen to them. The socialists will continue their work until every vestige of tyranny shall be swept away. Our organization is the only one which dares to take the proper position on behalf of the poor and oppressed. We are not here to break the peace. We are here to agitate in a peaceful manner for work for all, and overwork for none."

Resolutions were adopted asking the government to provide work for the unemployed, and to reduce the number of working hours to eight. Then the crowd dispersed, the only trouble having been an encounter between the socialists and anti-socialists in Trafalgar Square.

The precautions taken against possible mischief show the consciousness of the authorities of the extent of discontent among the poor and unemployed.

THE PIONEER OF PROHIBITION.

A VERY interesting pamphlet has just been published by the National Temperance Society and Publishing House, called the *Origin of the Maine Law and of Prohibitory Legislation*. It is a brief memoir of JAMES APPLETON, of Ipswich in Massachusetts, who was born a hundred years ago, and whose robust sense, strong character, and sturdy courage made him a leader in the great reform movements of his time. He lived for twenty years—from 1833 to 1853—in Portland, Maine, and he was one of the earliest of "teetotalers" and the earnest advocate of prohibition. It was in 1831, when the temperance question was warmly discussed, that he saw that if "the drinking of spirits was always wrong and dangerous, and the source of all the monstrous evils charged to it, then it was not to be tolerated, nor dallied with by license laws, but put an end to."

This is the conviction from which prohibitory legislation springs. But not thinking so extreme a measure to be practicable, he prepared a petition to the Massachusetts Legislature to prohibit the sale of liquor in any quantity less than thirty gallons. This proposition raised a storm of opposition. But the discussion in the press, to which he contributed, and further reflection, persuaded him that he was mistaken, and in 1832 he said in the Salem *Gazette* that the argument of the petition really leads to absolute prohibition. The next year Mr. APPLETON removed to Portland, and in 1836 was elected a member of the Maine Legislature, and in 1837, in a clear, well-reasoned, and impressive report upon the subject of license, he recommended to the Legislature the enactment of a prohibitory law. In 1851 a law was passed, founded upon the principles and maintained by the arguments of the APPLETON report.

It is curious that in 1885 a Temperance Convention was held in Philadelphia, called centennial because in 1786 Dr. RUSH published a pamphlet upon the deleterious effects of ardent spirits, and that in the official report of the Convention, which is a very large volume, called *One Hundred Years of Temperance*, there is no mention of General JAMES APPLETON, who was the first to propose a prohibitory law, not as a whim of enthusiasm, but as a deliberate conclusion fortified by facts and sustained by argument. His son has been naturally unwilling that his father's incontestable claim to honorable priority should be forgotten, and he has made the necessary researches to enable that claim to be shown indisputably, as it is in the little pamphlet.

PERSONAL.

AT the famous trial of the Rev. Professor DAVID SWING for heresy, in 1874, the Presbytery held that the question was "whether it has been conclusively proved that Mr. SWING does not personally hold all the doctrines that are by our Church regarded as essential to the system of doctrine taught in the Confession of Faith and in the Holy Scriptures." An esteemed correspondent of HARPER'S WEEKLY ventures the prediction that if, at the forth-coming trial of the Andover professors for heresy, the question be put in a similar fashion, the result will be the same as in Professor SWING'S case, namely, an acquittal.

—Mr. WILL CARLETON lectures this week in five different States—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, and Massachusetts.

—Mr. HENRY BERGH speaks of the late Miss CARRIE WELTON, of Waterbury, Connecticut, who left her large estate to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, as "the most intelligent and highly cultivated woman" he ever met. She made many gifts to the society during her lifetime, and took unusual interest in its work. The value of her estate may be as much as $200,000, and will not fall below $150,000. The recent decision of the court, sustaining the will, is not, we learn, to be appealed.

—Mr. FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED and Mr. CALVERT VAUX, who have been appointed as landscape architects "to prepare a plan for the improvement of the State Reservation at Niagara," will receive for the service only $1000 apiece. Mr. VAUX is a promulgator and to a certain extent a creator of the modern idea that a public park should be approached by special parkways or boulevards, and he hopes to see the present Reservation, for which the State paid $1,000,000, approached by a magnificent driveway from the Whirlpool to Goat Island, or, as he calls it, a "protected line of travel, with frequently recurring views of the Niagara River." As soon as a survey map of profiles and elevations has been prepared, Mr. OLMSTED and Mr. VAUX will begin work, and the "plan" will be ready by next spring.

—Mr. THOMAS V. WELCH, the Superintendent of the new State Park at Niagara, has introduced an innovation in the shape of ten-cent stop-over omnibus tickets for the tour of Goat Island, which enable the passenger to leave the vehicle at any point of interest, and resume his ride whenever he is ready. Both the Commissioners and the public are pleased with the "reform movement."

—Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S Latin quotations in the peroration of his Harvard address, where he extolled the virtues of President CLEVELAND, represent a well-known peculiarity of his literary style. He has long been in the habit of preserving in leather-bound memorandum-books pithy passages from favorite authors—Latin, Greek, German, French, Spanish, and so on; and even in familiar conversation he sometimes playfully produces one of these manuscript volumes, and reads to his interlocutor an appropriate extract.

—The writers and artists now travelling through the Southern States in a private car for HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY are the guests of the well-known and public-spirited cotton merchant JOHN H. INMAN, of the firm of INMAN, SWANN, & Co., who planned the trip. Mr. INMAN, who is a native of the South, takes a deep interest in the industrial development of that section, and it was with a view to bringing to the attention of representatives of the above-mentioned periodicals the present remarkable mercantile movement in the South, and the conditions attending it, that he proposed the HARPER expedition. Richmond, Lynchburg, Danville, Augusta, Atlanta, and Charleston, have already been visited. The route to be followed beyond these points will depend on circumstances, but it will probably take in Columbia, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Nashville, Birmingham, Montgomery, Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans, Vicksburg, Memphis, and Louisville.

—A clever woman recommends women who write for the press to write on domestic subjects. "The newspapers," she says, "have opened their columns to articles on domestic subjects. A woman with a reputation gained finds a ready market for anything she may write, and secures for it as good column rates as any man, save those in the very first rank of literature, while women with slight experience find a fair remuneration, making perhaps from five to seven hundred dollars a year."

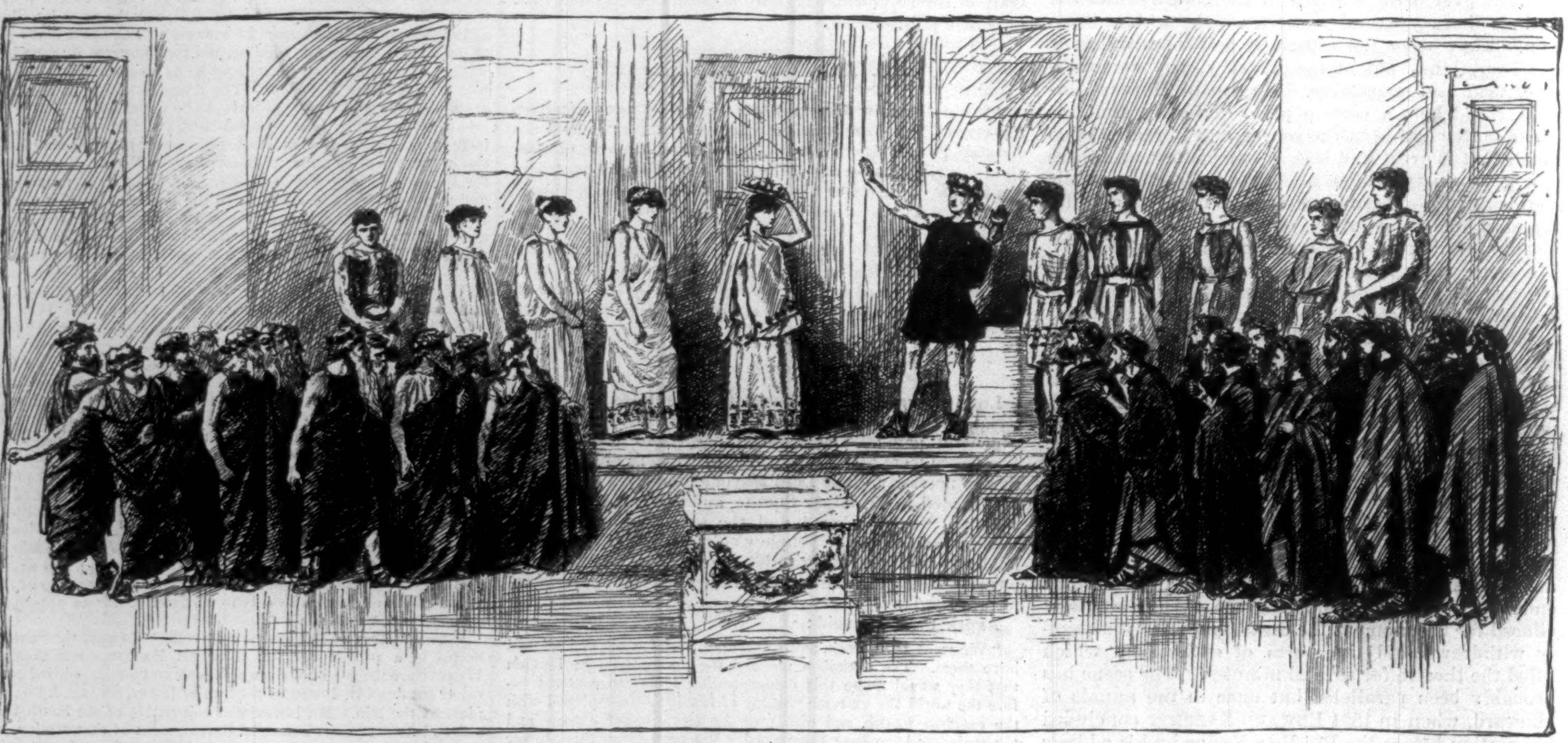
—AVELING and LIEBKNECHT, the European socialists, were greatly disappointed with their reception in Chicago last week, and made no bones about saying so. It was expected that they would visit the seven anarchists condemned to death, but they kept away from the county jail, and were very moderate in their utterances at public meetings.

—NELSON MORRIS, of Chicago, whose business as a packer has made him many times a millionaire, began life as the driver of a cart. From June until January he wears a felt hat, replacing it on the first of the year by a seal-skin cap, which is used until the first month of summer, no matter how warm the weather may be.

—Nature has provided one of the growing towns near the city with magnificent views, a beautiful mountain, a salubrious climate, and a republican form of government, but in a population of more than five thousand there is said to be but three unmarried dancing men. The number and urgency of the social calls made upon these gentlemen give them an adequate estimate of their own importance; and the young ladies propose to obtain their escorts for the next german exclusively from abroad, for the sake both of freshness and of self-defence.

—A young American painter, Mr. G. D. BRUSH, has returned to the city after four years' work among the Indians of Canada and the far West. He likes the Indians, because they represent more directly the influence of Nature over man, because their bodies are athletic, and because their costumes are rich in color; and he expects to go back to them. Mr. BRUSH has had the benefit of seven years' study in Paris, and is a regular contributor to the exhibitions of the Society of American Artists. His wife shares his enthusiasm for tent life, and is a promising sculptor.

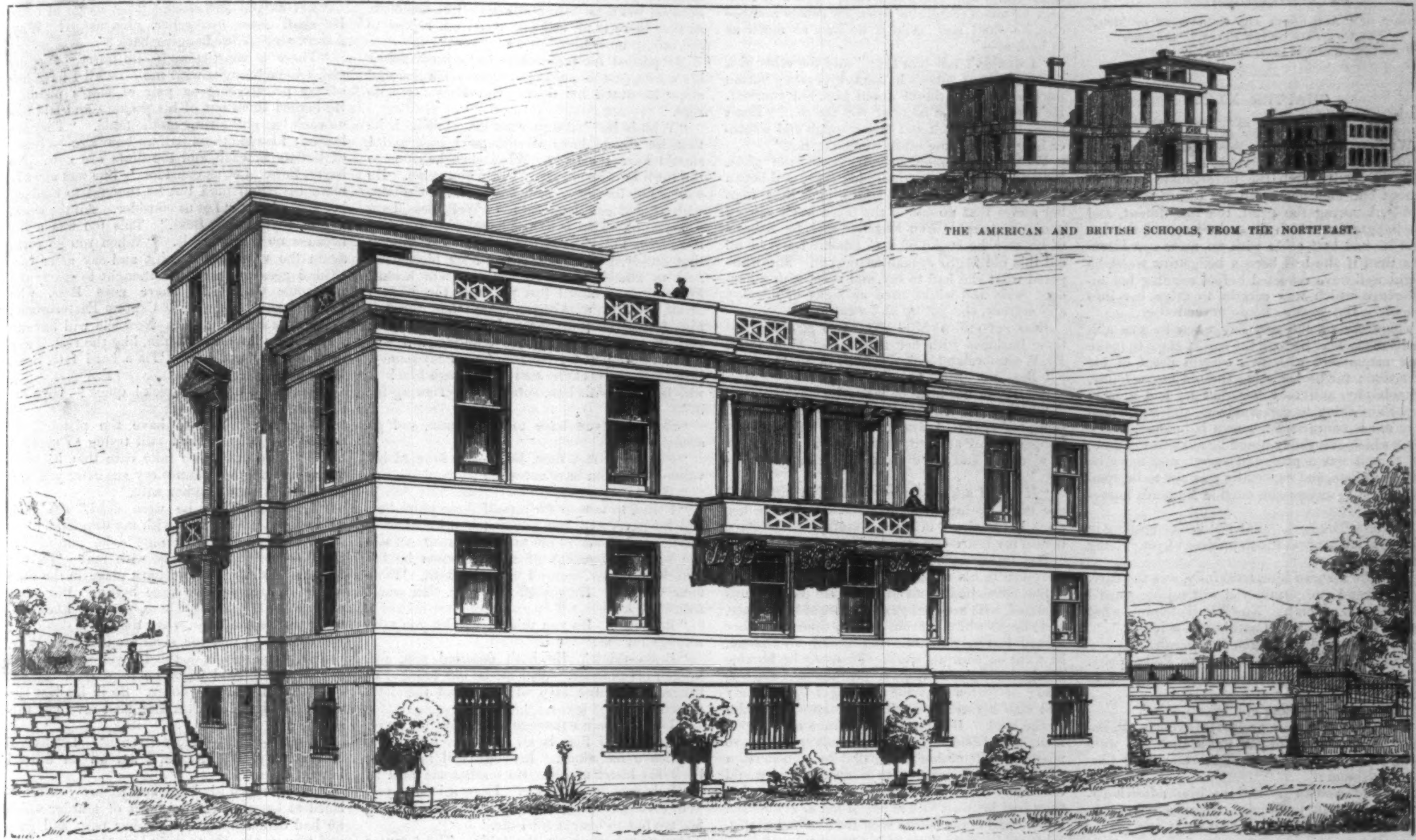
THE WORSHIPPERS OF DIONYSOS DISPERSED BY THE ACHARNIANS.



PROCESSION OF DIONYSOS.

FINALE.

"THE ACHARNIANS" OF ARISTOPHANES AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 747.]



THE AMERICAN AND BRITISH SCHOOLS, FROM THE NORTHEAST.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS—THE GARDEN FRONT.—[See Page 747.]

"SHE STOOD BEFORE HIM, HER ARMS OUT AS IF TO STOP THE PISTOL BULLET."—[See Serial "The World Went Very Well Then," Page 746.]

The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW PHILADELPHY KEPT THE SECRET.

When one reflects upon this time, and upon the conduct of Jack Easterbrook, it seems as if at each successive step the unfortunate man advanced one step nearer to his own destruction. Surely, knowing the grief, the resentment, and the indignation which filled the heart of the woman he had cast aside with no more consideration than if she had been a hedge-row weed, he might well have reflected before sending her intelligence which was certain to drive her into despair. But such as he do never reflect.

Therefore, on the very day when he was affianced to Castilla, he took the surest steps to make Bess acquainted with this certain proof of his desertion; for he led aside the old negro nurse, Philadelphy, and told her that he had a most important thing to communicate, and one which very much concerned her own happiness, and a thing which everybody would be anxious to know; but that it was a profound secret, and must be told to no one, and especially was not to be communicated to any person outside Madam's household.

"I know," he said, "that you desire nothing in the world so much as the happiness of your young mistress."

That she assured him, truthfully, was the case.

"So that I am certain you will rejoice when I tell you the secret. Now, Philadelphy, what should you say if Miss Castilla had a lover?"

"'Pends on de young gen'leman, sah."

"So it does. You are always wise, Philadelphy. What should you say, then, if she was going to be married?"

"'Pends on de young gen'leman, sah."

"You are indeed a wonderful woman, Philadelphy. What should you think, then, if I were going to be that happiest of mortals, Miss Castilla's husband?"

The old woman looked at him admiringly. Then she began to laugh. Negroes are easily tickled with laughter; they laugh if any one is hurt; they laugh if misfortunes fall upon their friends; and when they are pleased they laugh; Philadelphy therefore laughed for satisfaction and joy, not, as Sarai of old laughed, in derision.

"Is dat de troof, Massa Jack?"

"It is the truth, Philadelphy."

"Ho! ho!" she laughed again. "Berry fine lover for Miss Castil. Berry fine young man for my young mistress."

"It is a secret, Philadelphy," he told her again. "No one knows it except Madam, and the Admiral, and Castilla, and me. You have been told first of all. That is a great honor for you. But it is a secret as yet. I am to go on board in a few days, and the Lord knows when I shall return. So while I am away do you take care of her, and put in, every now and again, a word for me—you understand?"

She understood very well, and without the aid of the two guineas which he slipped into her hand, that she was to sing the praises of a certain young gentleman. She folded the money in a corner of her handkerchief, and nodded and laughed again. As a secret messenger, or go-between, I think Philadelphy would have had no equal. Her taste, as well as her genius, lay in this art; but unfortunately it was not called into practice, because Castilla had but two lovers, one of whom she lost in the manner you are going to hear, and the other she married without any necessity for a go-between at all.

"You understand," Jack repeated, "that it is a secret. You are not, therefore, on any account to tie up your head in your red turban and to carry the news into the town. You must not think of telling the old fellows at the Trinity Hospital. You must not go to Mr. Skipworth, the Barber, with it; and if you tell Mr. Westmoreland, the Penman, or his daughter Bess, you will make me angry. I quite depend upon your secrecy, Philadelphy."

She did, in fact, as Jack fully expected she would do, everything that she had been carefully told not to do. First, she looked into the gateway of Trinity Hospital. On the sunny side there walked half a dozen of the old men warming themselves. She exchanged a few words with them, admonishing them to keep the secret; then went on her way. Now there are no more ingrained gossips than these old almsmen, who have nothing to do all day long except to tell each other stories, for the most part old and well worn, and to retail news.

When she left the hospital, Philadelphy looked into the kitchen of St. Paul's Vicarage, just to whisper the news to the maids. Thence she went on her way to the Barber's, and calling Mr. Skipworth to the door, she imparted the news to him, with many injunctions to profound secrecy, which he faithfully and joyfully promised, and kept his promise in the way common among barbers, namely, that he passed on the news in strict confidence and a whisper to every customer in turn who came to be shaved.

Philadelphy next crossed the street and looked in at the Penman's. Mr. Westmoreland was in the shop, writing a letter for one girl to her sweetheart, somewhere at sea, while another waited her turn. In the corner of the room, beside the fire, sat Bess, her hands folded in her lap, doing nothing, and paying no heed to what went on. The girls disputed what should be said; the scribe listened, and from time to time put down a sentence, catching at their meaning rather than taking down their words.

"Say I keep true and constant," said one, "though all the men in Deptford are asking me to give him up. Tell him that. Tell him I expect as much from him when he comes home—else, he shall see. And if he dare so much as to look at—"

"I wouldn't tell him that," said the other girl. "Tell him that nobody in the town cares a button for him, or even thinks about him, but yourself. He'll think all the more of you for that. Don't never let him think you care a rope's-end whether he goes after the other women or not."

Without troubling herself about the girls, Philadelphy took a chair beside Bess, and began to whisper. Now, so carefully had Bess kept her secret that no one in the place knew a word about it except Aaron Fletcher, and for reasons of his own he spoke of it to none. Least of all did this old negro woman suspect it. She whispered what she had to say, and then, with a hundred nods and winks, used as signs of mystery and secrecy, she got up and went away.

Bess sat still awhile. The two girls finished their business with her father, and went away. Mr. Westmoreland looked timidly at his daughter.

"Bess, my dear," he said.

She shook her head impatiently.

"Is there any chance that you will come round soon, my dear? I wouldn't hurry any woman's temper on my account, though I may say that it is a month and more since I have had any dinner."

"If I had a knife in my hand this moment," she cried, springing to her feet and tossing her arms in the air—"if I had a knife, I would drive it into my heart—or into his!"

Her father made haste with trembling knees to return to his writing.

She continued to sit in the same place, hands clinched, with set eyes gazing straight before her, and cheeks white. From time to time her father looked furtively round. But seeing no change, he went on with his work. Presently he became afraid to sit alone with her. He thought she was mad; he feared that she might get up suddenly and stab herself to death, or perhaps stab him in the back. He was never a brave or a strong man, and, besides, he had already suffered so much from feminine wrath that he considered a raging woman worse than a tigress, and would cheerfully have fought a lion in the arena rather than face his own wife in one of her angry moods. But he had never before seen Bess so bad as this. It wanted a good hour of his usual time of leaving off work, but he got down from his stool, changed his coat hurriedly, and went out to his tavern.

If he went there an hour before his usual time, it was fully an hour after his usual time that he returned. Bess was still in her chair, but she no longer sat upright, scowling and fierce. Her head was buried in her hands, and she was weeping.

Mr. Westmoreland was afraid to speak to her. He crept silently upstairs, and went to bed supperless.

For in truth something very strange had happened between the time when the Penman laid down his work and the time when he came home. The jaws of Death and the gates of Hell had been opened.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HOW BESS WENT OUT OF HER WITS.

Immediately after her father had left the house—perhaps he waited until the Penman's departure—a man came to the door and stood without. For a few moments he watched and listened. Then he pushed the door open and looked in. The room was dark, and he could see nothing.

"Bess," he cried—it was Aaron Fletcher—"Bess, I know you are here, and it is no use hiding. Come out this instant and talk with me, or I will come in."

There was no answer, and he stepped into the room.

"You can go out again, Aaron," said Bess. "I have nothing to say to you."

"I will go out when I have said what I came to say, and not before," he replied. "If you will listen, Bess, I have a good deal to say."

"Say, then, what you have to say, and begone." He hardly knew her voice, which was hard. "Of course I know very well what you have come to say. When you have said it once, you can go. If you dare to say it twice, I think I shall have to kill you. But before you take the trouble to say it, or anything else, I tell you that it is no use. There is no man in the world for me now. Don't think of trying."

"Bess"—the man understood what she meant—"d'ye think that I would come to crow over your trouble? Why— But you don't understand; you never did understand. A man as loves you true can't choose but be sorry for your trouble. I love you that true that I should even like to see you married to him, if he would have you. But he won't—he won't. Don't go to think now, Bess, that I'm glad; though I always knew what would happen, and I hoped that you would perhaps throw him over and take a better man, and then we might have seen him crying and lamenting instead of you. Pluck up spirit, Bess. Curse him. With his head in the air, and his step as if he was on his quarter-deck, and us men were all his crew, and you women were all for his own pleasure! Curse him, I say, for a villain! He went through the town just now dressed as if he was a nobleman at least, with the people crying after him for luck, and the fools of women calling blessings on his head for a handsome man, if ever there was one. Curse him! Bess, why don't you curse the man who has played you false? Hast never a tongue in thy head?"

It was too dark to discern her face; otherwise Aaron might have been pleased with the jealous madness which filled her eyes.

Then he cursed the Captain again, and with stronger words, but she answered nothing.

"I knew what he would do. I always knew it. I hate him, Bess. I have always hated him as much as you hate him now; or almost as much, because you must hate him, after all he has done, so that there is no evil you would not rejoice to see falling upon him."

He paused for some effect to be produced by his words, just as an angler throws his line and stops to watch his float. But Bess made no sign.

"Who is he?" Aaron went on. "Who is he that he should have all the good luck and I should have the bad? Why, when he came to the town he was in rags. I saw him come. He was a boy in rags. And now he is a Captain, with a gold-laced hat; and I— Well, Bess, I am a bankrupt. That is what I have come to. And it is through him! Yes, through him and through that one-eyed devil, who is Old Nick himself, or sold to him, I am a bankrupt—I am broke! First, through him, I lost my boat, the *Willing Mind*, took by a privateer; and then, through him, I lost the prize-money I looked to make; and then, through him, my building-yard was burned. And now I have spent all my money, Bess, and am broke. And all through him! I will be even with him, some day, if I swing for it."

"Say what you have to say, Aaron, and go away."

"I came to say, then, Bess"—he lowered his voice—"will you have revenge?"

"What revenge?"

"I tried to take it for myself three years ago. Did he never tell you who got him knocked o' the head and carried off to the crimps? 'Twas the sweetest moment of my life when he lay senseless at my feet. I done it, Bess. 'Twas none but me. He got off that time. He won't this."

"Revenge? Do you think I will let you take revenge for me?"

"Bess—think! He hath deserted you, and broken his promise. And me he has brought to beggary, with the help of his friend the devil with one eye."

"I will have no revenge taken for me, I say. Go, Aaron. If that is all you have to say, go, and leave me alone. Revenge will not bring back his heart to me. He loathes me now as much as once he loved me. I saw it in his eyes. Will revenge change his eyes? There is nothing for me but to bear it till I die."

Aaron sat down on the table. The tempter to evil was not to be sent away by a single word.

"What!" he asked. "A woman of spirit, and do nothing, though her sweetheart proves false to her, and mocks and laughs at her! Have they told you how he laughs everywhere about you?" (This was a lie; Jack never spoke about her among his friends.) "Why, the gentlemen all do it; they make bets with each other about such girls as you; and then they go away and tell each other, and laugh about her. Oh, you forgive him! 'Tis sweet Christian conduct. I suppose I should forgive him as well for the loss of the *Willing Mind* and the burning of my boat-yard?" He stopped to see if his words had produced any effect upon her, but she gave no sign. "You will dance at his wedding, I dare say. He is going to marry the daughter of the Admiral—him with the wooden leg."

"He is not married yet."

"He is going to be married," said Aaron—but this was also a lie—"by special license, and without banns, to-morrow; for his ship is under orders, and the Captain will set sail in a few days. He wants to be married before he goes. 'Tis a pretty little lady, and he will make her happy. They say he is head and ears in love with her, and nothing too good for her. I dare say he was always a fond lover. You found him a fond lover, didn't you, Bess, in the old days?"

"Are you sure?" she asked. "Oh! the old woman did not tell me this. Are you quite sure? To-morrow? He will marry her to-morrow? So soon! Oh! is there no hope left at all?"

"To be sure, there are differences. She is a gentlewoman, and you are only a tradesman's daughter. She is soft, and has pretty manners, I dare say, though her father is an old salt. Whatever you are, Bess, no one ever called you soft. She is fair, and you are dark. She loves him, I dare say, better than you ever could. She can wear a hoop, and carry a fan, and paint her face; and as for you, Bess— Why, what is the matter?"

"I will kill him first!" she cried, wildly. "Aaron, I will kill him with my own hand!"

"Nay, Bess, why with your own hand, when there is mine ready for your service? And as for that, you are in such a rage that you would surely bungle it; ten chances to one you would botch and bungle it. Now I am calm. If I take it in hand, I shall make as pretty a job of it as any one can desire. Besides, Bess, if any one is to swing for putting such a villain out of the way, it shall be me, not you, my girl. For love of you, and hate of him, I should be content to swing. But maybe— Why, Bess—"

"Aaron" (she laid her hand upon his shoulder, catching her breath short), "oh! I would rather see him dead and in his grave than let him marry her."

"He must be dead to-night, then, or he will marry her to-morrow. Hark ye, Bess: the time has gone for crying. We must do it at once—this very night. To-morrow he will be married. The next day, or the day after, he takes the command of his ship. This very evening he hath gone to the club with the Admiral. He will but drink a single glass of punch with the gentlemen, who will wish him joy, and will then return to his new mistress, with whom he thinks to spend the evening, kissing and making love. Do you mark my words?"

"Yes.... yes.... I am listening."

"In half an hour or so he will be returning by this road. Suppose, Bess, he should meet us on the way—the woman he has deserted, and the man he has ruined?"

"Let us go," she cried. "Let us go at once. He shall never marry her. Let us go! Why, Aaron, are you for hanging back?"

"There is time enough—no hurry. See, my girl, I have brought with me—'tis all I have left of my privateering—a pair of ship's pistols." He lugged them out of his pockets, and laid one on each leg, still sitting on the table. "They are loaded; I loaded them half an hour ago—a brace of bullets in each, and the flints are new. No hurry, Bess. Let us consider." She was already more than half mad, but he thought to madden her still more. "Let us consider. All the world knows thy history, Bess." This too was a lie, because no one knew it. "When you go forth again the women will point and say after you, 'There goes the girl who thought to marry the handsome Captain! There goes Bess, who thought to be the wife of Captain Easterbrook! Pride goes before a fall. Now she will have to marry some honest tarpaulin, like the rest, if any be found to have her.' 'Tis a hard fate, Bess. Whereas—"

"Aaron, let us go. Quick! quick! Give me the pistols."

"Nay, nay. You to have the pistols!" he replied, in no hurry, and still trying to madden her. "Whereas, if we take care that he shall marry no one, they cannot cry out after you, and he shall not have another wife."

"I would rather he were dead," she said. "Aaron, let me kill him with my own hand!"

"Will you come for me?"—he put up his pistols—"or will you stay with me? 'Tis but five minutes' walk to the dark place in the road where we stopped him once before. But come with me. If you stay here, you will know nothing till I come back, when the job is done. If you come with me, you shall see it done. Why, your revenge will be doubled if you stand by and see it done. And when he falls, Bess, cry out quick that it was thy doing. So in his last moments he shall feel that thou hast revenged thyself."

"Come—quick—before I repent. Let us kill him quickly. Oh, Aaron, I am all on fire. I burn. Come."

Aaron nodded his head, and leisurely rose, satisfied at length with the spirit of murder which he had called up. It made her pant and gasp and tear at his arm to drag him along.

"One word first," he said. "I am not going to do all this for nothing. When the job is done, Bess, you will marry me?"

"Yes. You may marry me, or you may murder me. I care nothing which. Oh, he shall never marry her—never! Come, Aaron, come. We shall be too late."

"Come," he said.

Then he directed her to go on in advance, so that if any one should pass her on the road they might not connect him with her as a companion, and ordered her to wait for him in that place where the grass strip broadened into a little roadside green planted full of trees. Here she was to await him.

'Twas the same place where, three years before, Aaron had made his first attempt, the failure of which might have deterred him, one would think. But it did not. Here he presently joined the girl.

"No one is abroad," he said. "I have passed none upon the road. That is well. Heart up, Bess. In a few minutes thou shalt be happy, if revenge can make thee happy. He will kiss his fine mistress no more."

"Happy! There is no more happiness for me. Oh, Aaron, quick!—do what thou hast to do quick, lest I repent and stop thee. Oh, Jack—my Jack!—must I murder thee?"

"Keep dark," said Aaron. "Why, you are losing heart already. I am sorry you came with me. Keep dark, I say, and look not forth until the shot is fired. As for me, I scorn to hide. I am here to kill him if I can, or let him, if he can, kill me. He has a sword, and I have my pistols. Let him fight it out. It is a fair battle between us. But keep back, Bess, and keep dark. I think I can hear his footstep."

When, three years before, Jack Easterbrook had walked along the same road at the same time, his head was full of love for the very woman who now stood in the shade of the trees waiting to see him done to death. From the madness of jealous women, good Lord, deliver the men! And from the inconstancy of perjured lovers, good Lord, deliver the women!

As she stood and listened, the sound of his footstep—she could not be mistaken in the step—fell upon Bess's ear, and immediately the Captain himself was to be plainly seen in the twilight walking briskly along the road. As for Aaron, in spite of his brave words, he kept in the shade of the trees, feeling, doubtless, as is the way with murderers, more confidence while in hiding than in the open.

There wanted but a moment when Aaron would have stepped out and discharged his pistols. There was no relenting in him; he had no qualms of conscience and no forebodings of remorse. He had lost everything—his sweetheart, his boat, his business, his fortune—by this man, he thought; 'twas little revenge indeed in return for so much injury, to kill him. Perhaps, afterward, with the gibbet in sight and the irons on his legs, he might have felt remorse. But one doubts, seeing how hardened are most of the villains who go forth to Tyburn to the fatal tree, and how little true repentance the Ordinary doth witness.

He was waiting, then, the pistol cocked. His enemy was almost within his reach, when Bess rushed out from her hiding-place, crying, "Jack! Jack! Save yourself! Save yourself!"

He stopped, and drew his sword.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1541.

"Fly!" she cried; "Aaron is among the trees with his pistols. We came to murder thee. Oh! fly for thy life. Let him kill me instead. He shall shoot at thee through my body!"

She stood before him, her arms out as if to stop the pistol bullet.

"Stand aside, Bess," said Jack. "Now, Aaron, ye cowardly, skulking dog, come out! Show yourself, man! Bring out your pistols, I say! Come, ye sneaking, murdering villain!"

Aaron might have shot him on the spot where he stood, breast bared, so to speak, for the pistol. But he did not, because so great is the power of authority over such men as Aaron, when one speaks who is in the habit of command, that he obeyed and came forth meekly, his pistols in his hand, like a dog who comes at call to be whipped.

"Lay down your weapons," said Jack, sword in hand.

Aaron obeyed, saying nothing.

"So," said the Captain, "this is now the second time that thou hast attempted my life. Man, if I had thee on board my ship I would keel-haul thee, or maybe hang thee for mutiny. Know, sirrah, that the mere conspiring to murder hath brought many a poor rogue to the gallows. Now I know not wherefore thou didst resolve to make this second attempt. Remember, however, that the first score is not yet paid off. Yet I heard some talk of losses and the burning of boat-yards, whereby it seems as if some greater Power had interfered to punish thee. Go now. Perhaps to-morrow I shall determine what further may be done."

Aaron obeyed, walking away slowly and sullenly, the pistols lying on the ground.

Then Jack turned to the girl who had saved his life. "So, Bess," he said, "you came out to murder me, did you?"

"Yes," she confessed.

"I was in hopes that you had laid my words to heart, and had forgotten the past."

"I can never forget the past. Oh, Jack! 'tis too much to ask of any poor woman. 'Tis too much!" She burst into weeping. "Oh! I am an unhappy wretch, who would even murder the man I love better than all the world."

"Nay," said Jack, "there is no harm done, because, d'ye see, I am unhurt, and you changed your intention in time. If I did not know thee better, Bess, I might think this was a trick of thine. But Aaron hates me of old; and you—since I came home."

"I have never hated you, Jack. God knows I wish I was dead, and out of your way."

"My poor girl, you are already out of my way, if you would only think so. For the sake of a few love-passages, three years ago, why waste and spoil your life?"

"I cannot take back what I have given. To-night they told me that you are to marry Miss Castilla. That made me mad. But I am not mad any longer. Go to your new mistress, Jack. I will give you no more trouble—no more trouble. Make love to her as you did to me. Tear her heart out of her as you tore mine. I will give you no trouble at all—no trouble at all. I will not try to stand between her and you."

"Foolish girl! Forget me, Bess, and find another lover."

"I have tried to curse thee, Jack, but I cannot. Oh, I cannot! I have tried a dozen times. My lips will not form the words, nor would my heart mean them if I could say those words. I have tried this night to kill thee. But I could not. Therefore it is certain that I am not to do thee any harm. This is better, because, whatever happens, thy heart will not be thereby the more hardened against me."

Jack made no reply. Perhaps he was touched by what she said.

"Go, Jack. Go to thy mistress." This she said, not rudely or scornfully, but quietly. "Jack, I know now what has been lying in my mind. It is that I have a message for thee. It is that God Himself will punish thee, and that in the way that will touch thee the deepest. I know not how that will be, and for myself I desire no harm for thee. I will henceforth neither speak nor think hard things of thee. But remember: no other man shall ever kiss me, because I am thine, Jack—I belong to thee. Oh, Jack, my sweetheart, my love, God Himself will punish thee, unhappy boy, and that in the way that will most touch thee."

Jack laughed lightly—yes, he laughed—and went his way.

This is what happened between the time when the Penman left his daughter and the time when he returned. Said I not that the Jaws of Death and the Gates of Hell were opened on this night?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLORADO'S FAMOUS RESORT.

Seventy-five miles south of Denver, on an extensive plateau nearly 6000 feet high, and under the shadow of the snow-capped summit of Pike's Peak, lies Colorado Spring, the great sanitarium of the Rocky Mountain region. Clear skies, bright sunshine, absence of fogs, a minimum of rain, an atmosphere of extreme dryness, attractive homes, an excellent hotel, no saloons, broad tree-lined and irrigation-ditched avenues, delightful society, and magnificent scenery are the distinctive features of this Western resort, which is growing rapidly in favor and popularity year by year, especially among those in delicate health. Yet it is not a place filled with chronic, helpless invalids and moribund individuals. It is, true that probably nine-tenths of the 6000 inhabitants in the city went thither for relief from pulmonary diseases and other troubles, but benefited or restored to health by the curative influences of the climate, they have made their homes and prosecute their vocations in this model city close by the foot-hills of the Rockies. In artistic and literary refinement and tastes Colorado Springs, without doubt, leads any city west of St. Louis, for it is made up of cultured Americans and Englishmen whose chief motive in a change of residence was to regain health. As yet it has escaped the bustle, excitement, and noise of commercial and manufacturing life, but the inauguration of work on the Colorado Midland Railroad (a new broad-gauge line to connect Colorado Springs directly with Leadville and the silver districts beyond), the talk of extending the Missouri Pacific to that point, and rumors of the early erection of ore smelters, are signs which indicate a radical change in the general character of Colorado Springs in the near future.

Picturesque stone and brick villas and pretty wooden cottages line the streets, and on the edge of the plateau is the rendezvous of the tourist, "The Antlers," a splendid hotel, equipped with all the modern devices and conveniences, which was opened three years ago. It is of unique and pleasing architecture, the first three stories constructed of red and gray stone, and the other two of wood. From early autumn until late spring it is thronged with guests. From September to April a drop of rain rarely falls, and only an occasional cloud is seen. Extreme cold weather is experienced at times, but the arctic wave is of short duration, and the dryness of the air makes it easily bearable. In no other spot in the country is the amount of precipitation of moisture so small as it is at Colorado Springs. The average annual rainfall is only 15½ inches, and the deposit of other moisture is comparatively inappreciable. In the past five years there have been on an average 194 clear, 128 fair, and but 43 cloudy days. It is the place for out-of-door life. Riding, driving, walking, tennis, and other athletic sports, are popular amusements. Children and some older persons take delight in the patient, lazy burro. Groups of merry boys and girls, either in carts or in the saddle, are familiar and frequent sights along the roads, which lead to some of the most famous scenic spots in Colorado.

INDUSTRIAL ART SCHOOLS.

The Society of Decorative Art has the studios of its technical and manual training classes at No. 37 West Twenty-second Street. These classes were opened in October, last year, under the direction of Mr. Tadd, who had been so successful in directing the Public Industrial Art School in Philadelphia. The aim and object of these classes is to familiarize the pupils with the nature and use of hand tools, and enable them to comprehend and accomplish the simple processes which underlie all artistic and mechanical operations. There is no attempt made to teach particularly specified trades or handicrafts of any kind, but to lay a foundation for all trades and handicrafts by quickening and exciting their observation, and cultivating the hand as well as the brain. The course of instruction comprises designing, modelling, and wood-carving, and is usually supplemented by a course of light metal-work, although this latter is not considered a necessary adjunct. Modelling alone or designing alone is not taught, for culture, to deserve its name, must be general. All mechanical training must be avoided, not only because it is mechanical and imitative instead of creative and artistic, but because it gives a one-sided culture. The skilled hand must be one that has been educated, not for one sort of manual work only, but for an infinite variety of hand-work. By the present system the engraver is taught to handle the graver's tools only, the worker in brass to hammer brass and do nothing else, and so on; and this is unavoidable. In the active struggle for bread which we call life the dyer's hand must be subdued to what it works in; but let us put off the cramping process as long as we can. Experience has shown that in a large number of pupils there is practically very little difference in the degree of excellence to which the hand can be trained. We can all learn certain minor branches of art just as we can all learn to read and write.

To make such classes as those directed by the Decorative Art Society really effective, all imitation must be avoided. The teacher does not set down a jar for his pupils to copy; he gives them the principles on which all jars should be made; he reduces ornamental art down to its fundamental principles, and those forms which can be combined into hundreds of new and beautiful shapes. At the same time care is taken that every design in drawing, clay modelling, or wood-carving, and all the joinery or metal work done by the pupils, shall be with a view to some useful end. At the studios in West Twenty-second Street lectures are given on Wednesday afternoons for artists, teachers, and parents. There pupils very soon—almost immediately—begin the process of imparting to others the instruction they have received. In the free evening classes, where the attendance is too large for any one person to superintend, the advanced scholars teach in their turn, and the scene is busy and animated, but quiet save for the smart knocks of the hammer in the wood-carving department. What is the practical use of this training? it may be asked. No less than ninety-eight trades can be enumerated for which this system is an effective preliminary training. If each apprentice to these could be saved a year's time of unpaid labor, what an immense advantage it would be. Another important result, it is hoped, will be the increased respect for hand labor, for which Mr. Ham in his *Manual Training* argues so well.

In Philadelphia the School of Industrial Art, from which our illustrations are taken, is incorporated in the public-school system, and manual training made part of the curriculum. This step forward is due to the patient devotion and energy of Mr. C. G. Leland, who furnished the school directors with ample means to make the experiment. This was so successful that before the end of the first year the number of children he had in training amounted to one hundred and fifty. Mr. Leland gave lessons in design, and superintended the children working out their own designs in wood or clay, and he was the first to popularize cold-hammering of brass on wood. Mr. Leland also started a class at the Ladies' Decorative Art Club, and thus set in Philadelphia the example the New York Society followed. It is needless to describe the course of instruction; the chief point insisted on is originality, and the chief point shunned is imitation. The teacher inculcates at every stage the great objection there is to copying, to using construction lines to build up from, and to the use of instruments such as compasses and rulers for the work, instead of the hand and head. He bids people interested in hand training to remember that the object is not simply to make a lot of pattern-makers or machinists; design and the art of design means more than geometric pattern-making: it means the putting of ideas into work, whatever the material may be.

From the very first lesson the pupil is taught to originate, and in making a new pattern feels that he is in a humble way creating. In passing from table to table, looking at the work of the different students, the visitor will notice that no two persons are drawing or making the same design; from the chubby little school-boy up to the seniors of the class, each one elaborates his or her own idea, founded, of course, on principles explained to them with blackboard illustrations. Each pupil is asked what form he would prefer to have his design take, and chooses a panel, or plaque, or other form, for the basis on which ornamentation is to be made. This is the first lesson in design.

THE GREEK PLAY.

When eight or ten colleges, through their presidents and professors, unite in getting up a Greek play more than two thousand years old, and the *beau monde* and *haut ton* flock to the performance, it does not look very much as if Greek were going out of favor. The fact seems to be that the paramount excellence of everything Greek was never so generally and so intelligently recognized as now. Every means of getting nearer the life of that wonderful people is eagerly seized upon. A generation has come up to which art is as real a thing at least as literature, history, or language. We know, indeed, as little of Greek history as of any, and Greek literature is to most people only a name, and with the language they have by no means a speaking acquaintance, knowing it only to bow to, so to say. But Greek art is something tangible, and its supremacy is so transcendent that we gladly welcome any new chance better to understand the civilization from which it sprang.

Nothing could serve this end better than a play like *The Acharnians*, which shows us not only what the Greeks went to see, but what they were themselves, for the scene of the play is itself laid in Athens during the early years of the war that led to her political downfall. It is, indeed, curiously crude in construction, and one can easily believe that it is the oldest comic drama extant. It is difficult to understand how so primitive a scheme could possibly have been tolerated in comedy so many years after tragedy had found its perfect literary form. Perhaps the explanation is that up to this time comedy was not regarded as literature at all, and dramatic movement was not expected any more than we look for it in Ethiopian minstrelsy and variety shows. It is to be noticed that these forms of drama continue to flourish in our theatres in spite of Shakespeare and Sheridan. These kinds of entertainment were indeed forcibly brought to mind when *The Acharnians* was performed in Philadelphia last spring. The stage is held by a principal personage, the Protagonist—in this case the discontented Dicalopolis—and by a chorus who watch what is going on, and join in from time to time with more or less relevant singing. To these enter all sorts of people, by ones and twos, who take their turn in being made game of, and then disappear to be seen no more. These little comic scenes succeed one another in a perfectly inconsequential way, and might about as well occur in one order, apparently, as in another.

But though the play has hardly anything that can be called a plot, it is full of purpose. This is to make light of the war, and to bring the war party into discredit. It is much such a play as one might have witnessed during the rebellion if an impresario of Copperhead predilections had chosen to bring upon the stage substitutes and contrabands, political major-generals and foreign emissaries, to discredit the national cause, to show up to the voting population the comforts of a state of peace and the inconveniences of a state of war. The ingenious Dicalopolis is made to conclude a private and personal treaty with the injurious Spartans, and the play exhibits the advantages of his happy lot in contrast with that of the rest of the community. This is all very amusing, and it is charmingly acted. Dr. Clarke's music, as did Mr. Paine's for the *Œdipus* at Cambridge, giving buoyancy to what by itself might have proved a little heavy.

But the real interest of the performance lies in its bringing the spectator, as has been said, right into the life of antiquity. One seems for the moment transported back to a time before time was, when all modern history and most of ancient history was still an unopened book.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS.

The building shown in our illustration will be erected during the coming winter and spring. It contains a dwelling-house for the Director of the School, a large library, which is at once the work-room and the lecture-room of the students, and half a dozen small chambers for their lodging. It stands on the upper edge of extensive open grounds, about a quarter of a mile square, belonging partly to the British School of Archæological and Classical Studies, partly to an ancient monastery built upon the site of the Cynosarges, a famous sanctuary of Heracles—an excellent neighbor, with the advantage, so rare in Greece, of well-grown trees about it—partly to a hospital, and partly to a Normal School, the erection of which, however, is still to come. It is well up on the lower slopes of Mount Lycabettus, and commands a superb view all round the horizon, from Pentelicus on the northeast to the hills of Salamis on the northwest, looking over the modern town to the Acropolis a mile away, and beyond to the sea and the mountains of Megara.

It is the object of the school to afford local facilities of guidance in their studies to young men and young women who wish to get a better knowledge of the language, history, and arts of Greece by spending a year or two on the spot. The school is supported at present by small annual contributions from fifteen or sixteen colleges, who take turns in sending out each year a Director. But this is obviously only a temporary device to try the experiment with. It has sufficed to show that the school supplies a real want, and the next thing is to obtain funds for its permanent endowment. The University of New York has led off with a gift of a thousand dollars, and the University of Pennsylvania with the profits of their performance of *The Acharnians*. It ought not to be long before the necessary hundred thousand dollars is in hand. This is what they call in France a work of public utility, and tax the people for its support. We do things better here, and trust, never in vain, to the public spirit of an intelligent community.

The twenty-five thousand dollars needed for the building was easily collected last winter, and its construction has already begun. The British School was finished six months ago, from designs by Professor Penrose, who has lately been appointed the Director. The American building, which is somewhat larger, is from drawings by Professor Ware, of the Columbia College School of Mines. The two schools will form substantially two departments of the same institution, the students of each sharing all the facilities offered by the other.

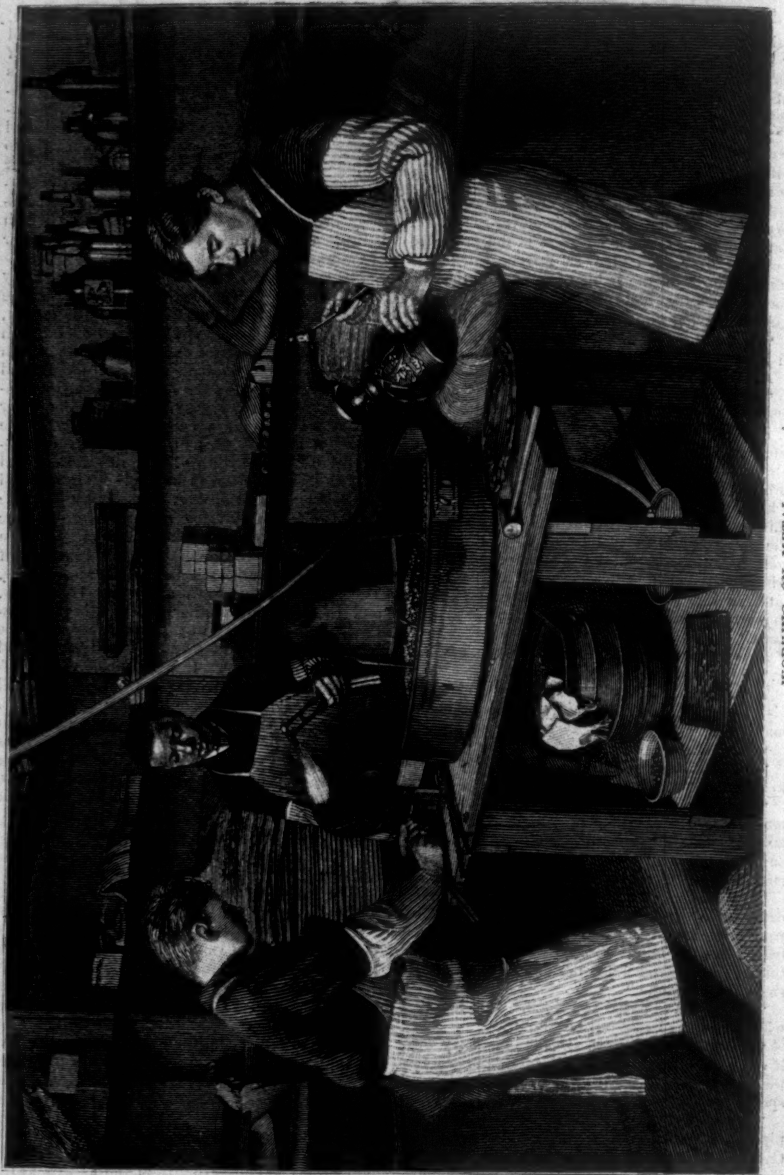
THE HARVARD CELEBRATION.

The celebration by Harvard College of its two-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday on November 8 was closed by a parade of the undergraduates amid a blaze of fireworks. During the day there had been ceremonies of a remarkable character. Sons of Harvard who are world-famous bore a part. Never was there gathered at Cambridge a more memorable company. President Cleveland was driven out from Boston, accompanied by the Governor of Massachusetts, and escorted by the National Lancers. Throngs of people cheered the President on the way, and he was saluted by cannon. The beautiful Sanders Theatre, where the ceremonies of the day were begun, was filled to its utmost limits. Among the distinguished company were Secretaries Bayard, Endicott, Lamar, and Whitney, of the President's Cabinet; the Rev. Dr. Charles Taylor, Master of St. John's College, University of Cambridge, England; the Rev. Mandell Creighton, of the same university; Sir Lyon Playfair, of the University of Edinburgh; President Eliot of Harvard; the presidents of Yale, Dartmouth, Williams, Bowdoin, Middlebury, Amherst, Trinity, Tuffts, Bates, Columbia, and Princeton colleges, of the universities of Michigan, Pennsylvania, and Vermont, and of Cornell, Johns Hopkins, Wesleyan, Colby, and Brown universities; Charles Francis Adams, Carl Schurz, George William Curtis, Mark Hopkins, Robert C. Winthrop, Professor Lanciani, of Rome, F. A. Channing, M.P., and Professors W. S. Tyler, James D. Dana, R. D. Hitchcock, S. F. Baird, and S. Weir Mitchell. Men alone were in the body of the theatre, ladies being admitted only to an upper gallery. Among the ladies was Mrs. Cleveland, the President's wife.

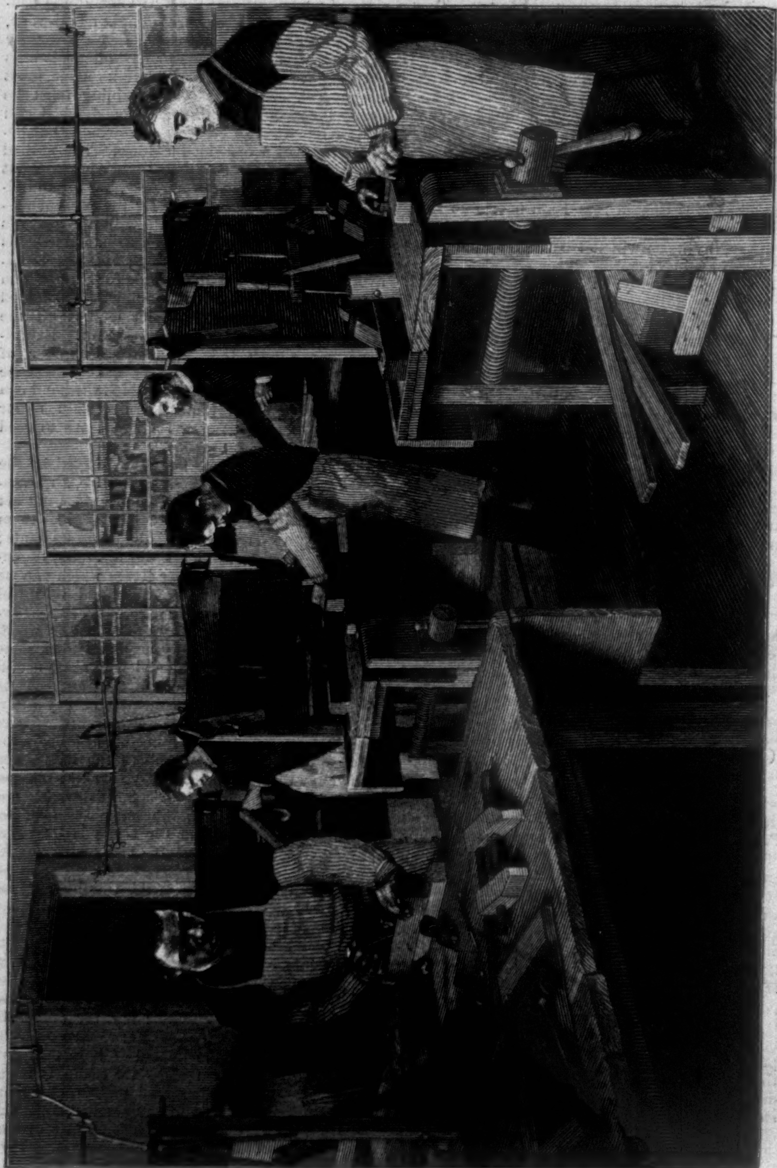
Charles Devens, president of the Harvard Alumni Association, made an address of welcome, and Professor Francis G. Peabody offered prayer. The oration was delivered by James Russell Lowell, and Oliver Wendell Holmes read a poem. The company dined in Memorial Hall, where speeches were made by President Eliot, President Cleveland, Robert C. Winthrop, the Rev. Mandell Creighton, the Rev. Dr. Taylor, Sir Lyon Playfair, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and others.

The picture on page 749 illustrates the display by the undergraduates on the evening of November 8. The students marched in costume, bearing torches, and splendid and elaborate fireworks were let off from Holmesfield. Incidents bearing upon the college history and persons connected with the college were represented in the procession. John Harvard, the founder of Harvard College, was one of the impersonations, and a number of its early benefactors kept him company. A likeness of the first printing-press in America was displayed. The Commencement police of the eighteenth century marched again, as did the Navy Club of 1800, and the Washington Corps, a military organization which was made up among the higher classes, and which existed between the years 1811 and 1833. The "Discipline of the Faculty," and a "College Custom of Fifty Years Ago" were also among the representations, as was the Mott Haven Cup, won by the Harvard athletes. For two hours the college grounds were a place of noise and song and magnificent fire. Bands played, and the glee clubs sang, and the last of the enthusiasm was let out in a cane-rush of the good old-fashioned sort.

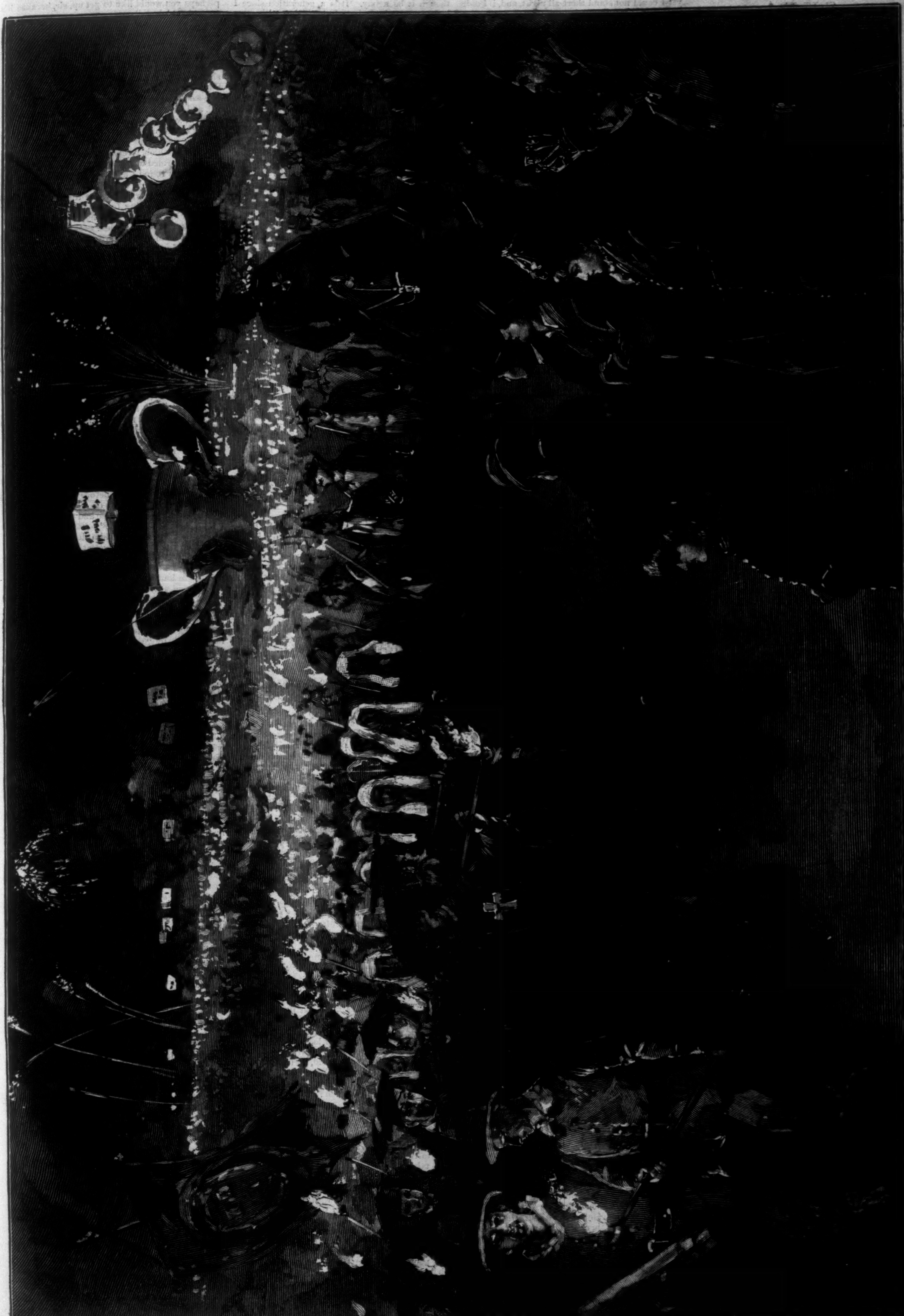
MODELLING-ROOM.


WORKING ON METAL.

DESIGNING-ROOM.


CARPENTER SHOP.

THE PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL OF INDUSTRIAL ART.—[See Page 747.]



CELEBRATING THE 250TH ANNIVERSARY OF HARVARD—THE STUDENTS' PROCESSION.—Drawn by Henry Sandham.—[See Page 747.]

SHE:*

A History of Adventure.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," etc.

XIV.

A SOUL IN TORMENT.

It was nearly ten o'clock at night when I cast myself down upon my bed, and began to gather my scattered wits, and reflect upon what I had seen and heard. But the more I reflected, the less I could make of it. Was I mad, or drunk, or dreaming, or was I merely the victim of a gigantic and most elaborate hoax? How was it possible that I, a rational man, not unacquainted with the leading scientific facts of our history, and hitherto an absolute and utter disbeliever in all the hocus-pocus that in Europe goes by the name of the supernatural, could believe that I had within the last few minutes been engaged in conversation with a woman two thousand and odd years old? The thing was contrary to the experience of human nature, and absolutely and utterly impossible. Nonsense; it must be nonsense. She had warned me fairly, and I had refused to take the warning. Curses on the fatal curiosity that is ever prompting man to draw the veil from woman, and curses on the natural impulse that begets it! I, at my age, to fall a victim to this modern Circe! But then she was not modern; at least she said not. She was almost as ancient as the original Circe.

I tore my hair, and jumped up off my couch, feeling that if I did not do something I should also go off my head. What did she mean about the scarabæus, too? It was Leo's scarabæus, and had come out of the old coffer that Vincey had left in my rooms nearly one-and-twenty years before. Could it be, after all, that the whole story was true, and the writing on the sherd was *not* a forgery, or the invention of some crack-brained, long-forgotten individual? And if so, could it be that *Leo* was the man that *She* was waiting for—the dead man who was to be born again? Impossible again! The whole thing was gibberish: who ever heard of a man being born again?

Next I bethought me that I had not been to see how Leo was, so, taking up one of the lamps that burnt away at my bedside, I slipped off my shoes and crept down the passage to the entrance of his cave. The draught of night air was lifting his curtain to and fro gently, as though spirit hands were drawing and redrawing it. I slid into the vault-like apartment and looked. There was a light in it, and Leo was lying on the couch, tossing restlessly in his fever, but asleep. By his side, half lying on the floor, half leaning against the stone couch, was Ustane. She held his hand in one of hers, but she too was dozing, and the two made a pretty, or rather a pathetic, picture. Poor Leo! his cheek was burning red, there were dark shadows beneath his eyes, and his breath came heavily. He was very, very ill; and again the horrible fear seized me that he might die, and I be left alone in the world. And yet if he lived he would perhaps be my rival with Ayesha; even if he were not the man, what chance should I, middle-aged and hideous, have against his bright youth and beauty? Well, thank Heaven! my sense of right was not dead. *She* had not killed that yet; and, as I stood there, I prayed to the Almighty in my heart that my boy, my more than son, might live, ay, even if he proved to be the man.

Then I went back as softly as I had come, but still I could not sleep, the sight and thought of dear Leo lying there so ill had but added fuel to the fire of my unrest. My wearied body and overstrained mind had awakened all my imagination into preternatural activity. Ideas, visions, almost inspirations, floated before it with startling vividness. Most of them were grotesque enough, some were ghastly, some recalled thoughts and sensations that had for years been buried in the débris of my past life. But behind and above them all hovered the shape of that awful woman, and through them gleamed the memory of her entrancing loveliness. Up and down the cave I strode—up and down.

Suddenly I observed what I had not noticed before, that there was a narrow aperture in the rocky wall. I took up the lamp and examined it; the aperture led to a passage. Now I was still sufficiently sensible to remember that it is not pleasant, in such a situation as ours was, to have passages running into one's bed-chamber from no one knows where. If there are passages, people can come up them; they can come up when one is asleep. Partly to see where it went to, and partly from a restless desire to be doing something, I followed the passage. It led to a stone stair, which I descended; the stair ended in another passage, or rather tunnel, also hewn out of the bed-rock, and running, so far as I could judge, exactly beneath the passage that led to the entrance of our rooms, and across the great central cave. I went on down it; it was as silent as the grave, but still, drawn by some sensation or attraction that I cannot describe, I followed on, my stockinged feet falling without noise on the smooth and rocky floor. When I had traversed some fifty yards of space I came to another passage, running at right angles, and here an awful thing happened to me: the sharp draught caught my lamp and extinguished it, leaving me in utter darkness in the bowels of that mysterious place. I took a couple of strides forward so as to clear the bisecting tunnel, being terribly afraid lest I should turn up it in the dark if once I got confused as to the direction, and then paused to think. What was I to do? I had no match; it seemed awful to attempt that long journey back through the utter gloom, and yet I could not stand there all night, and, if I did, probably it would not help me much, for in the bowels of the rock it would be as dark at midday as at midnight. I looked back over my shoulder—not a sight or a sound. I peered forward down the darkness; surely far away I saw something like the faint glow of fire. Perhaps it was a cave where I could get a light—at any rate it was worth investigating. Slowly and painfully I crept along the tunnel, keeping my hand against its wall, and feeling at every step with my foot before I put it down, fearing lest I should fall into some pit. Thirty paces—there was a light, a flickering light shining through curtains! Fifty paces—it was close at hand! Sixty—oh, great Heaven!

I was at the curtains, and they did not hang close, so I could see clearly into the little cavern beyond them. It had all the appearance of being a tomb, and was lit up by a fire that burned in its centre with a whitish flame and without smoke. Indeed, there to the left was a stone shelf with a little ledge to it three inches or so high, and on the shelf lay what I took to be a corpse; at any rate, it looked like one, with something white thrown over it. To the right was a similar shelf, on which lay some broidered coverings. Over the fire bent the figure of a woman; she was sideways to me and facing the corpse, wrapped in a dark mantle that hid her like a nun's cloak. She seemed to be staring at the flickering flame. Suddenly, as I was trying to make up my mind what to do, with a convulsive movement that somehow gave an impression of despairing energy, the woman rose to her feet and cast the dark cloak from her.

It was *She* herself.

She was clothed, as I had seen her when she unveiled, in the kirtle of clinging white, cut low upon her bosom, and bound in at the waist with the barbaric double-headed snake, and, as before, her rippling black hair fell in heavy masses down her back. But her face was what caught my eye, and held me as in a vise, not this time by the force of her beauty, but by the power of fascinated terror. The beauty was still there, indeed, but the agony, the blind passion, and the awful vindictiveness displayed upon those quivering features, and in the tortured look of the upturned eyes, were such as surpass my powers of description.

For a moment she stood still, her hands raised high above her head, and as she did so the white robe slipped from her down to her golden girdle, baring the blinding loveliness of her form. She stood there, her fingers clinched, and the awful look of malevolence gathered and deepened on her face.

Down came the clinched hands to her sides, then up again above her head, and, as I am a living and honorable man, the flame of the fire leaped up after them, almost to the roof, throwing a fierce and vivid glare upon *She* herself, upon the white figure beneath the covering, and every scroll and detail on the rock-work.

Down came the ivory arms again, and as they did so she spoke, or rather hissed, in Arabic, in a note that curdled my blood, and for a second stopped my heart.

"Curse her! may she be everlastingly accursed!"

The arms fell and the flames sank. Up they went again, and the broad tongue of fire shot up after them; then again they fell.

"Curse her memory! accursed be the memory of the Egyptian!"

Up again, and again down.

"Curse her, the fair daughter of the Nile, because of her beauty!

"Curse her! because her magic has prevailed against me.

"Curse her! because she kept my beloved from me."

Again the flame fell, and again she covered her eyes with her hands.

"It's no use—no use," she wailed; "who can reach those who sleep? Not even I can reach them."

Then once more she began her unholy rites:

"Curse her when she shall be born again! Let her be born accursed!

"Let her be utterly accursed from the hour of her birth until sleep finds her!

"Yes, then let her be accursed, for then shall I overtake her with my vengeance, and utterly destroy her!"

And so on. The flame rose and fell, reflecting itself in her agonized eyes; the hissing sound of her terrible maledictions—and no words of mine, especially on paper, can convey how terrible they were—ran round the walls, and died away in little echoes, and the fierce light and deep gloom alternated themselves on the white and dreadful form stretched upon that bier of stone.

But at length she seemed to wear herself out, and ceased. She sat herself down upon the rocky floor, and shook the dense cloud of her beautiful hair over her face and breast, and commenced to sob terribly in the torture of a heart-rending despair.

"My love! my love! my love! Why did that stranger bring thee back to me after this sort? For five hundred years I have not suffered thus. Oh, if I sinned against thee, have I not wiped away the sin? When wilt thou come back to me, who have all, and yet without thee have naught? What is there that I can do? What? What? What? And perchance she—perchance that Egyptian doth abide with thee where thou art, and mock my memory. Oh, why could I not die with thee, I who slew thee? Alas that I cannot die! Alas! Alas!" And she flung herself prone upon the ground, and sobbed and wept till I thought her heart must burst.

Suddenly she ceased, raised herself to her feet, and tossing back her long locks impatiently, swept across to where the figure lay upon the stone.

"O Kallikrates," she cried, and I trembled at the name, "I must look upon thy face again, though it be agony. It is a generation since I looked upon thee whom I slew—slew with mine own hand," and with trembling fingers she seized the corner of the wrapping that lay over the form upon the stone bier, and then paused. When she spoke again, it was in a kind of awed whisper, as though her idea were terrible even to herself.

"Shall I raise thee," she said, apparently addressing the corpse, "so that thou standest there before me as of old? I *can* do it;" and she held out her hands over the sheeted dead, while her whole frame became rigid and terrible to see, and her eyes grew fixed and dull. I shrank in horror behind the curtain, my hair stood up upon my head, and whether it was my imagination or a fact I am unable to say, but I thought that the quiet form beneath the covering began to quiver, and the winding-sheet to lift as though it lay on the breast of one who slept. Suddenly she withdrew her hands.

"What is the use?" she said, gloomily. "Of what use is it to recall the semblance of life when I cannot recall the spirit? Even if thou stoodest before me thou wouldst not know me, and couldst but do what I bid thee. The life in thee would be *my* life, and not *thy* life, Kallikrates."

For a moment she stood there, and then cast herself down on her knees beside the form, and began to press her lips against the sheet, and weep. There was something so horrible about the sight of this fearsome woman letting loose her passion on the dead—so much more horrible even than anything that had gone before—that I could no longer bear to look at it, and turning, commenced to creep, shaking as I was in every limb, slowly along the pitch-dark passage, feeling in my heart that I had had a vision of a Soul in Hell.

On I stumbled, I scarcely know how. Twice I fell; once I turned up the bisecting passage, but fortunately found out my mistake in time. Twenty minutes or more I crept along, till at last it occurred to me that I must have passed the little stair by which I descended. So, utterly exhausted, and nearly frightened to death, I sank down at length there on the stone flooring, and into oblivion.

When I came to I noticed a faint ray of light in the passage just behind me. I crept to it, and found it was the little stair, down which the weak dawn was stealing. Passing up it, I gained my chamber in safety, and flinging myself on the couch, was soon lost in slumber, or rather stupor.

XV.

AYESHA GIVES JUDGMENT.

The next thing that I remember was opening my eyes and perceiving the form of Job, who had now practically recovered from his attack of fever. He was standing in the ray of light that pierced into the cave from the outer air, shaking out my clothes as a makeshift for brushing them, which he could not do because there was no brush, and then folding them up neatly and laying them on the foot of the stone couch. This done, he got my travelling dressing-case out of the Gladstone bag, and opened it ready for my use. First he stood it on the foot of the couch also, then, being afraid, I suppose, that I should kick it off, he placed it on a leopard-skin on the floor, and stood back a step or two to observe the effect. It was not satisfactory, so he shut up the bag, turned it on end, and having rested it against the foot of the couch, placed the dressing-case on it. Next, he looked at the pots full of water, which constituted our washing apparatus. "Ah!" I heard him murmur, "no hot water in this beastly place. I suppose these poor creatures only use it to boil each other in," and he sighed deeply.

"What is the matter, Job?" I said.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, touching his hair. "I thought you were asleep, sir; and I am sure you look as though you want it. One might think from the look of you that you had been having a night of it."

I only groaned by way of answer. I had, indeed, been having a night of it, such as I hope never to have again.

"How is Mr. Leo, Job?"

"Much the same, sir. If he don't soon mend, he'll end, sir, and that's all about it; though I must say that that there savage Ustane do do her best for him, almost like a baptized Christian. She is always hanging round and looking after him, and if I venture to interfere, it's awful to see her; her hair seems to stand on end, and she curses and swears away in her heathen talk—at least I fancy she must be cursing from the look of her."

"And what do you do then?"

"I make her a polite bow, and I say, 'Young woman, your position is one that I don't quite understand, and can't recognize. Let me tell you that I has a duty to perform to my master as is incapacitated by illness, and that I am going to perform it until I am incapacitated too;' but she don't take no heed, not she—only curses and swears away worse than ever. Last night she put her hand under that sort of night-shirt she wears and whips out a knife with a kind of a curl in the blade; so I whips out my revolver, and we walks round and round each other, till at last she bursts out laughing. It isn't nice treatment for a Christian man to have to put up with from a savage, however handsome she may be; but it is what people must expect as is *fools* enough" (Job laid great emphasis on the "fools") "to come to such a place to look for things no man is meant to find. It's a judgment on us, sir—that's my opinion; and I, for one, is of opinion that the judgment isn't half done yet; and when it is done, we shall be done too, and just stop in these beastly caves with the ghosts and the corpses for once and all. And now, sir, I must be seeing about Mr. Leo's broth, if that wild-cat will let me; and perhaps you would like to get up, sir, because it's past nine o'clock."

Job's remarks were not of an exactly cheering order to a man who had passed such a night as I had; and what is more, they had the weight of truth. Taking one thing with another, it appeared to me to be an utter impossibility that we should escape from the place where we were. Supposing that Leo recovered, and supposing that *She* would let us go, which was exceedingly doubtful, and that she did not "blast" us in some moment of vexation, and that we were not hot-potted by the Amahagger, it would be quite impossible for us to find our way across the net-work of marshes which, stretching for scores and scores of miles, formed a stronger and more impassable fortification round the various Amahagger households than any that could be built or designed by man. No, there was but one thing to do—face it out; and, speaking for my own part, I was so intensely interested in the whole weird story that, so far as I was concerned, notwithstanding the shattered state of my nerves, I asked nothing better, even if my life paid forfeit to my curiosity.

After I had dressed myself I passed into the eating, or rather embalming, chamber, and had some food, which was, as before, brought to me by the girl mutes. When I had finished I went and saw poor Leo, who was quite off his head, and did not even know me. I asked Ustane how she thought he was; but she only shook her head and began to cry a little. Evidently her hopes were small; and I then and there made up my mind that, if it were in any way possible, I would get *She* to come and see him. Surely she would cure him if she chose; at any rate, she said she could. Whilst I was in the room, Billali entered, and also shook his head.

"He will die at night," he said.

"God forbid, my father," I answered, and turned away with a heavy heart.

"*She-who-must-be-obeyed* commands thy presence, my Baboon," said the old man as soon as we got to the curtain; "but, oh, my dear son, be more careful. Yesterday I made sure in my heart that *She* would blast thee when thou didst not crawl upon thy stomach before her. *She* is sitting in the great hall to do justice upon those who would have smitten thee and the Lion. Come on, my son; come swiftly."

I turned, and followed him down the passage, and when we reached the great central cave saw that many Amahagger, some robed, and some merely clad in the sweet simplicity of a leopard skin, were hurrying up it. We mingled with the throng, and walked up the enormous, and indeed almost interminable, cave. All the way up it the walls were elaborately sculptured, and every twenty paces or so passages opened out of it at right angles, leading, Billali told me, to tombs hollowed in the rock by "the people who were before." Nobody visited those tombs now, he said; and I must say that my heart rejoiced when I thought of the opportunities of antiquarian research that opened out before me.

At last we came to the head of the cave, where there was a rock dais almost exactly similar to the one on which we had been so furiously attacked, a fact that proved to me that these dais must have been used as altars, probably for the celebration of religious ceremonies, and more especially of rites connected with the interment of the dead. On either side of this dais were passages leading, Billali informed me, to other caves full of dead bodies. "Indeed," he added, "the whole mountain is full of dead, and nearly all of them are perfect."

In front of the dais were gathered a great number of people of both sexes, who stood staring about in their peculiar gloomy fashion, which would have reduced Mark Tapley himself to misery in about five minutes. On the dais was a rude chair of black wood inlaid with ivory, with a seat made of grass fibre, and a footstool formed of a wooden slab attached to the chair.

Suddenly there was a cry of "Hiya! Hiya!" ("*She! She!*") and thereupon the entire crowd instantly precipitated itself upon the ground, and lay there as though it were individually and collectively stricken dead, leaving me standing up like some solitary survivor of a massacre. As they did so a long string of guards began to defile from a passage to the left, and ranged themselves on either side of the dais. Then followed about a score of male mutes, then as many women mutes bearing lamps, and then a tall white figure, swathed from head to foot, in whom I recognized *She* herself. She mounted the dais and sat down upon the chair, and spoke to me in *Greek*—I suppose because she did not wish those present to understand what she said.

"Come hither, Holly," she said, "and sit at my feet, and see me do justice on those who would have slain thee. Forgive me if my Greek doth halt like a lame man; it is so long since I have heard the sound of it that my tongue is stiff, and will not bend to the words."

I bowed, and mounting the dais, sat down at her feet.

"How didst thou sleep, my Holly?" she asked.

"I slept not well, O Ayesha!" I answered, with perfect truth, and with an inward fear that perhaps she knew how I had passed the heart of the night.

"So," she said, with a little laugh; "I, too, have not slept well. Last night I had dreams, and methinks that thou didst call them to me, O Holly."

"Of what didst thou dream, Ayesha?" I asked, indifferently.

"I dreamed," she answered, quickly, "of one I hate and one I love;" and then, as though to turn the conversation, she addressed the captain of her guard in Arabic—"Let the men be brought before me."

The captain bowed low—for the guard and her attendants did not prostrate themselves, but had remained standing—and departed with his underlings down a passage to the right.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1554.

Then came a silence. *She* leant her swathed head upon her hand, and appeared to be lost in thought, while the multitude before her continued to grovel upon their stomachs, only screwing their heads round a little so as to get a view of us with one eye. It seemed that their Queen so rarely appeared in public that they were willing to undergo this inconvenience, and even graver risks, to have the opportunity of looking on her—or rather on her garments, for no living man there except myself had ever seen her face. At last we caught sight of the waving of lights, and heard the tramp of men coming along the passage, and in filed the guard, and with them the survivors of our would-be murderers, to the number of a score or more, on whose countenances the natural expression of sullenness struggled with the terror that evidently filled their savage hearts. They were ranged in front of the dais, and would have cast themselves down on the floor of the cave, like the spectators, but *She* stopped them.

"Nay," she said, in her softest voice, "stand; I pray ye stand. Perchance the time will soon be when ye shall grow weary of being stretched out;" and she laughed melodiously.

I saw a cringe of terror run along the rank of the poor doomed wretches, and, wicked villains as they were, I felt sorry for them. Some minutes, perhaps two or three, passed before anything fresh occurred, during which *She* appeared, from the movement of her head—for, of course, we could not see her eyes—to be slowly and carefully examining each delinquent. At last she spoke, addressing herself to me in a quiet and deliberate tone:

"Dost thou, O my guest, who art known in thy country by the name of the Prickly Tree, recognize these men?"

"Ay, O Queen, nearly all of them," I said; and I saw them glower at me as I said it.

"Then tell me and this company the tale whereof I have heard."

Thus abjured, I, in as few words as I could, related the history of the cannibal feast, and of the attempted torture of our poor servant. The narrative was received in perfect silence, both by the accused and by the audience, and also by *She* herself. When I had done, Ayesha called upon Billali by name, and lifting his head from the ground, but without rising, the old man confirmed my story. No further evidence was taken.

"Ye have heard," said *She* at length, in a cold, clear voice, very different from her usual tones; indeed, it was one of the most remarkable things about this extraordinary creature that her voice had the power of suiting itself in a wonderful manner to the mood of the moment. "What have ye to say, ye rebellious children, why vengeance should not be done upon ye?"

For some time there was no answer, but at last one of the men, a fine broad-chested fellow, well on in middle life, with deep-graven features and an eye like a hawk's, spoke, and said that the orders that they had received were not to harm the white men; nothing was said of their black servant, so, egged on thereto by a woman who was now dead, they proceeded to try to hotpot him after the ancient and honorable custom of their country, with a view of eating him in due course. As for their attack upon ourselves, it was made in an access of sudden fury, and they deeply regretted it. He ended by humbly praying that mercy might be extended to them, or at least that they might be banished into the swamps, to live or die as it might chance; but I saw on his face that he had but little hope of mercy.

Then came a pause, and the most intense silence reigned over the whole scene, which, illuminated as it was by the flickering lamps that struck out broad patterns of light and shadow upon the rocky walls, was as strange a one as I ever saw, even in that weird land. There, seated in her barbaric chair above them all, with myself at her feet, was the veiled white woman, whose awesome power seemed to shine about her like a halo. Never have I seen her veiled shape look more terrible than it did in that space, while she gathered herself up as it were for vengeance.

At last it came.

"Dogs and serpents," *She* began, in a low voice that gradually gathered power as she went on, till the place rang with it, "eaters of human flesh, two things have ye done. First, ye have attacked these strangers, being white men, and would have slain their servant, and for that alone death is your reward. But that is not all. Ye have dared to disobey me. Did I not send my word unto ye by Billali, my servant, and the father of your household? Hath it not been taught to ye from childhood that the law of *She* is an ever-fixed law, and that he who breaketh it by so much as one jot or tittle shall perish? And is not my lightest word a law? Have not your fathers taught ye this, I say, whilst as yet ye were but children? Well do ye know it, ye Wicked Ones. But ye are all evil—evil to the core; the wickedness bubbles up in ye like a fountain in the springtime. And now because ye have done this thing, because ye have striven to put these men, my guests, to death, and yet more because ye have dared to disobey my word, this is the doom that I doom ye to. That ye be taken to the cave of torture, and given over to the torturers to wreak their will upon ye, and that on the going down of to-morrow's sun those of ye who yet remain alive be slain by the hot pot, as ye would have slain the servant of this my guest."

She ceased, and a faint murmur of horror ran round the cave. As for the victims, as soon as they realized the full hideousness of their doom, their stoicism forsook them, and they flung themselves down upon the ground, and wept and implored for mercy in a way that was dreadful to behold. I too turned to Ayesha and begged her to spare them, or at least to mete out their fate in some less awful way. But she was hard as adamant about it.

"My Holly," she said, again speaking in Greek, which, to tell the truth, although I have always been considered as good a scholar of the language as most, I found it rather difficult to follow, chiefly because of the change in the fall of the accent—Ayesha, of course, talked with the accent of her contemporaries, whereas we have only tradition and the modern accent to guide us as to the exact pronunciation—"my Holly, it cannot be. Were I to show mercy to those wolves, your lives would not be safe among this people for a day. Thou knowest them not. They are tigers to lap blood, and even now they hunger after your lives. How thinkest thou that I rule this people? I have but a regiment of guards to do my bidding, therefore it is not by force. It is by terror. Nay, the men must die, and die as I have said." Then turning suddenly to the captain of the guard, "My word is spoken—let my doom be done."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SCRAP OF HISTORY.

In his speech at Cooper Union, October 22, Mr. Hewitt, then a candidate for Mayor, now Mayor-elect, gave a sketch of his own life as an answer to some attacks made upon him as a "rich man." In the course of these remarks he said: "I became nearly blind, and was compelled to pass a year in Europe, for which I paid out of the earnings which I had laid up from the lessons I had given. On my way home another accident occurred—the ship on which I was went to the bottom, and I was saved by another accident in one of the boats of that ship in company with a man who has been Mayor of this city, who was and is my friend and brother, and will be to the end of my life. I landed in midwinter in a borrowed suit of sailor's clothes—not a thing of my own—and I had three silver dollars in my pocket, which constituted my entire worldly wealth. I was twenty-two years of age."

Let the captain of the rescuing ship tell the story as he did a few years ago to a little circle of friends in a New York club:

"In 1844 I was commanding the ship *Atalanta*, and in the month of December of that year was making a voyage from Liverpool to New York. On the 11th I was crossing the Gulf Stream, and had got well over it, when, near evening, I saw a ship under full sail several miles to windward, and evidently heading for New York, like myself. My barometer had been falling rapidly, and as I always regarded it with great care and obeyed its orders, I took warning and shortened sail. But I noticed that the stranger kept everything spread, and when night came on and hid her from sight she was far off on the horizon, and didn't appear to have taken in a stitch of canvas. During the night it came on to blow heavily—a regular cyclone, in fact—and you may be sure I was glad I had taken in sail. It only lasted a couple of hours or so, but was very rough as long as it was on us.

"About nine in the forenoon the watch reported pieces of wreck floating on the water, and an hour later we sighted a boat, and bore down for her. It was as I had feared: the stranger had foundered in the gale, and this was one of her boats.

"She proved to be, or to have been, the American ship *Alabamian*, Captain Hitchcock, from Leghorn to New York, and besides her officers and crew she had two passengers in the cabin. She was under full sail when the wind struck her, and in a very short time she was an unseaworthy wreck. She had two boats, one a stanch life-boat, and the other an old and rotten long-boat. Lots were drawn for places, and the life-boat fell to the first officer, while the long-boat went to the captain. The two cabin passengers went to the long-boat, and also nine of the crew. It was the life-boat that I picked up, with the first officer in command, and he said they left the ship at two in the morning, and lost sight of the long-boat soon after. She was nearer the ship than they, as the captain had been the last to leave her.

"The weather was cold, and they suffered considerably from their cramped positions, but in a little while after coming on board they were warmed up and all right. Nothing could be seen of the long-boat, and it was not certain whether she was still afloat. I determined to save her if possible to do it, and the great question was to determine what course to steer to find her. I reasoned that Captain Hitchcock would try to get out of the Gulf Stream as soon as he could, in order to find smoother water, and after carefully studying the situation I changed my course in accordance with this theory. I sent men aloft to keep a sharp lookout, and report the least sign of a boat, and to watch for anything that would indicate she had gone down and was past all help.

"Noon came, and then one o'clock, and then two, and no signs of the boat. I went to the cabin with my first officer and the officer of the *Alabamian*, and we held a council. One of them thought I ought to run on another course, and he gave his reasons for it, and then the other, who had been wavering on the subject, joined him. I persisted in my belief, and stood alone in it. Somehow I could not see their reasons as they did, and I had a firm conviction that I was right, and if the captain of the *Alabamian* had done what I should do under similar circumstances, he would be exactly in the track I was running.

"The afternoon went on, and about an hour before sunset I went into the cross-trees to have a look on my own account. I swept the horizon with my glass over and over again, but saw nothing, and felt what a terrible responsibility rested on me, and what would be said of me for holding my course against the advice of the others, if I should not find the boat.

"Just as the sun was within a handspike's length of the horizon I saw a speck on the crest of a wave. It went down as the wave fell, and I believe my heart stopped beating till the speck came up again and showed itself. There it was and no mistake, and it was exactly dead ahead as near as you could draw a line.

"I hailed the deck, and sent the first officer to take the wheel. I told him not to vary the breadth of a hair from the course we were running. Then I came down, and sent a man up to take my place.

"'Have you seen anything?' everybody asked as I reached the deck.

"'Nothing I'm certain of,' I answered; 'but we may have developments presently.' I don't know if my heart was beating then, but presume it was.

"In a little while—it may have been a quarter of an hour, and just as the sun was dipping into the horizon—the man in the rigging called out, 'Sail ho!'

"'Where away?' I asked.

"'Dead ahead, sir. I think it's the boat.'

"My heart went up in my mouth, but I tried to appear as cool as an iceberg. Of course everybody else was all excitement, and that was the more reason why I should not be. Besides, I was captain, and nobody else was, as I had shown them by sticking to my course.

"The night came on clear and beautiful, and we kept straight on. We lost sight of the boat as the daylight faded, but in half an hour or so we saw her again, and we still had her right in line. As we neared her I kept the ship up a little so as to bring the boat under our lee, and I put men in the fore-chains and along the sides with plenty of lines, and made all possible preparations to make fast. I knew the men in the boat would be so chilled with the cold that they would be nearly helpless, and whatever was to be done would have to be done by ourselves.

"We got them out all right, and it was as I had surmised: they were most of them too much benumbed to climb up the sides, and had to be helped. When they were all safe on board we tried to hoist the boat in, and she broke in two with her own weight: how she ever lived as long as she did is a mystery.

"Captain Hitchcock told me they rowed as long as they could after leaving the ship, with the intention of getting into the smoother water beyond the Gulf Stream, and he had thought that in case I fell in with the other boat I would do just as I had done. The two cabin passengers took their share of the labor with the rest. They were both young men, with a difference of perhaps five or six years in their ages, and had been travelling in Europe, the elder of the two being tutor for the younger, who was the son of a prominent citizen of New York. They took passage at Leghorn for New York, and when their turn came to enter the long-boat they had done so without complaint, and had borne the privations of the night and day as cheerfully as any one else.

"All day they had watched and hoped, hoped and watched, but there was no sign of a sail. The night threatened to be cold, and there was little expectation that any of the party would live till morning, even if the boat continued to float. As the sun neared the horizon the younger man was lying in the bottom of the boat, wrapped in his overcoat and a blanket, while the elder sat in the stern with the captain.

"Just as the sun was dipping into the waves, the elder of the twain said to Captain Hitchcock that, with his permission, he would offer prayer. Of course it was given at once. 'And I never, in all my life,' said Captain Hitchcock, 'heard a more beautiful prayer from the lips of mortal man. And as he said "amen," and I said "amen" too, I raised my eyes and saw your sail.'

"Perhaps," said Captain Raymond to his group of listeners—"perhaps you'd like to know the names of those two passengers? They are familiar to you all, and you'll find them at the bottom of this letter, which I received, with a silver pitcher, a few days after we reached New York. I haven't seen it for some time, until it turned up to-day while I was overhauling my desk. It is an old letter, you see, and was written before the envelop was invented."

The letter was passed around and handled with great care. It was then read aloud by one of the group, and ran as follows:

"NEW YORK, *December 28, 1844.*

"DEAR SIR,—Desirous of testifying our grateful sense of the noble disinterestedness with which you stood from your course on the 12th of December last in search of the captain, passengers, and crew of the ship *Alabamian*, which foundered on that day at sea, and of the kindness we received at your hands while your guests, we beg your acceptance of the accompanying piece of plate.

"We know that no offering of ours can add to the proud feeling of satisfaction which must have animated your bosom when upon your own deck you saw the eighteen human beings whose lives you had saved; but we wish you to possess some slight token which in after-days may serve to remind your children and your friends of how nobly you did your duty to your God and your fellow-men; and we desire that other ship-masters, incited as well by their own humane impulses as by the approbation which so noble an act never fails to call down from the public, may 'go and do likewise.'

"In conclusion, we congratulate you upon the opportunity you have enjoyed of gratifying the most generous promptings of the soul, we pray that Heaven may shower its choicest blessings upon you and yours, and we beg you to be assured of the lasting gratitude of, very truly, Your friends,

"EDWARD COOPER, } Passengers.
"ABRAM S. HEWITT, }

"To Captain GEORGE B. RAYMOND, of the ship *Atalanta*, of New York."

"A day or two after receiving and answering this letter," said Captain Raymond, "I received an invitation to go to Mr. Peter Cooper's house, as the family was very desirous of meeting me. I was so busy with the affairs of my ship that I could not respond at once, but sent word that I would call on New-year's Day. When I called, and my name was announced, they did not wait for me to go into the parlor, but all came out into the hall to greet me; the ladies pressed around me, and I assure you it was rather embarrassing for a young sea-dog to receive so much attention. I had done nothing more than my duty, and somehow felt that I was being thanked and praised a good deal beyond what I merited. I tried to tell them so, but they wouldn't listen to me, and all the time I was there they made such a hero of me that I didn't know what to say, and wondered how I would be able to escape.

"None of the Cooper or Hewitt family have ever forgotten me, but, on the contrary, they miss no opportunity of referring to that incident of the 12th of December. When the Lotos Club gave a dinner to Mayor Cooper I wanted to come as much as I ever wanted to do anything in all my life, and I thought I would do so; but I don't like to be called up for a speech, and I knew that Hewitt or Cooper would be sure to have me out and make me say something; so I staid away, and saved the club from listening to the story of the loss of the *Alabamian*."

"If you had told that story as you have told it now," said one of the listeners, "you would have made one of the most effective speeches ever made at a dinner party."

"So say we all."

PROOF.

"They wouldn't let me work, Susan, 'cause I'm out with them Knights, and wasn't a 'Union' man."

"Lawks, Jabez, I can stand your being out wid 'em nights, but jes take your penshun papers round an' show 'em you was a Union man an' always will be."

JUSTICE MUST OPEN BOTH DOORS, OR THE BOODLE ALDERMEN WILL ESCAPE.

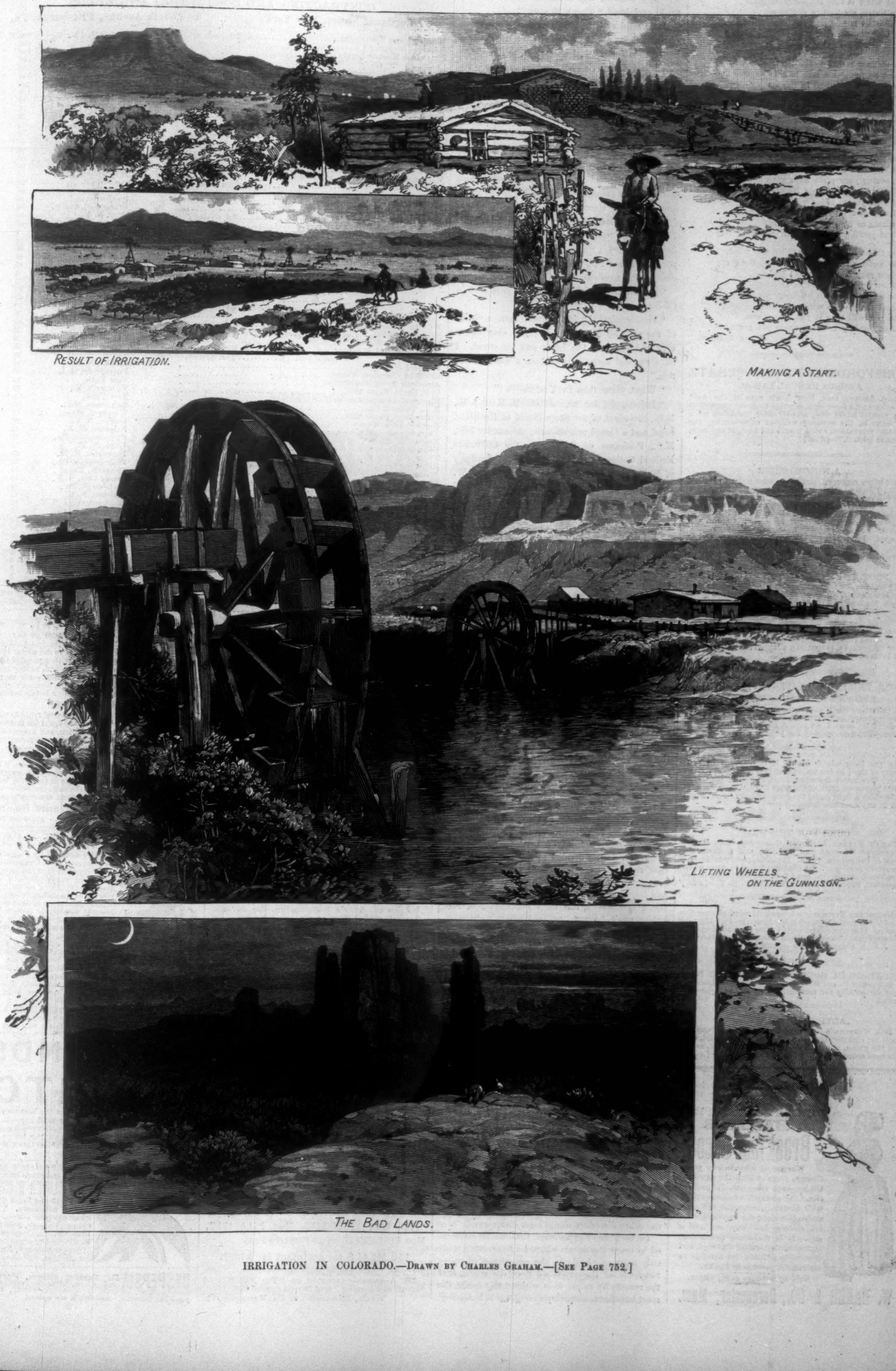
IRRIGATION IN COLORADO.

THE mining industries of Colorado have been, and are to-day, so extensive and important that they have completely overshadowed any agricultural view which people who have sought for information concerning the young State through books or newspaper correspondence may have desired to obtain. The pen of the writer and the brush of the artist have been chiefly confined to a delineation of the grandeur of the mountain scenery or of incidents of mining life. Nor is this to be greatly wondered at, for, except in certain favored localities, farming, either in field or garden, has not been attempted with any great measure of success. The great rarity and dryness of the atmosphere, the extremely scant rainfall, the alkaline properties of the soil, and the generally great altitude of the parks (or valleys, as we of the East would call them) offer most unfavorable conditions for agricultural pursuits. What the Pilgrim Fathers were able to do amid the disadvantages of a rock-ribbed and flinty New England soil has, however, in different parts of Colorado been accomplished, amid dissimilar but equal disadvantages, by their descendants. Of course there are sections of the State, as anybody who has ever travelled through it knows, which are utterly worthless save as habitations for jack-rabbits and rattlesnakes—a characteristic view of one of such sections being shown among the illustrations on the next page; but there are also, particularly in the western and southwestern portions of Colorado, vast mesas where, before civilized feet entered upon them, the native sage-brush grew to the height of a man's waist, and which needed only clearing and irrigation to be convertible into fertile fields of grain.

Such a mesa as this is that which lies between the Gunnison and the Grand rivers.

In the illustrations a very familiar and somewhat picturesque object to Colorado tourists is shown in the primitive water or "lifting" wheels, by which the narrow streams which pass out there for rivers are made, in spite of themselves, to play an important part in agricultural pursuits. It is not to be imagined that it is by any such catch-bucket system as this that the great agricultural sections of the San Juan and San Luis valleys in the southwest and the fertile fields in the vicinity of Greeley and Fort Collins are watered. In those sections engineering science and an enormous expenditure of money have constructed a great system of canals, which are fed from the inexhaustible fount of the everlasting mountain snows, and which extend in many directions for hundreds of miles, following the slant of the land at just a sufficient incline to keep the water moving slowly. The lifting wheels are found only in places where there are comparatively small stretches of possible agricultural land between some swift-running stream and the inevitable adjacent sage-brush-covered foot-hills or rocky cliffs. It frequently occurs that half a dozen settlers on the bank of a river will unite in constructing one of these lifting wheels, the water in many instances being carried for a distance of from a quarter to half a mile through wooden troughs before striking the line of the common irrigating ditch.

If the questions of irrigation and the agricultural development of Colorado have not protruded themselves prominently in printed works concerning the State, they have formed a by no means small part of legislative action in the State. A most complicated and elaborate set of laws and enactments concerning the subject of irrigation exists to-day upon the statute-book, and one of the most arduous duties of the Governor of Colorado consists in keeping track of the innumerable officials and boards of officials whom it is his duty to appoint in the interest of organized and well-regulated irrigation.



RESULT OF IRRIGATION.

MAKING A START.

LIFTING WHEELS ON THE GUNNISON.

THE BAD LANDS.

IRRIGATION IN COLORADO.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 752.]

THE SKIPPER'S LOVE; OR, THE TIDE WILL TURN.

The skipper stood on the windy pier.
"O mate," he said, "set every sail;
For love is sweet if true and dear,
But bitter is love if love must fail."
"No hurry, skipper, to put to sea;
The wind is foul and the water low;
But the tide will turn if you wait a wee,
And you'll get 'Yes' where you got 'No.'"

The skipper turned again with a smile,
And he found his love in a better mood;
For she had had time to think the while,
"I shall find ten worse for one as good."
So the tide had turned, and he got "Yes."
The sails were filled and the wind was fair.
Don't limit the pleasant words, I pray;
They are for every one everywhere.

The tide will turn if you wait a wee,
And good's not lost if but defer'd;
Supposing your plans have gone a-gley,
Don't flee away like a frighted bird.
Say that you've asked a favor in vain,
To-morrow may be a better day,
The tide of fortune will turn again,
And you'll get "Yes" where you got "Nay."

The tide will turn if the thing you mind
Is worth the waiting and worth the cost;
If you seek and seek until you find,
Then your labor will never be lost.
For waiting is often working, you see,
And though the water may now be low,
The tide will turn if you bide a wee,
And you'll get "Yes" where you got "No."

MARY A. BARR.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
ASSISTS MENTAL LABOR.

PROF. ADOLPH OTT, New York, says of the Acid Phosphate: "I have been enabled to devote myself to hard mental labor, from shortly after breakfast till a late hour in the evening without experiencing the slightest relaxation, and I would not now, at any rate, dispense with it."—[*Adv.*]

A NEW WONDER

Is not often recorded, but those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will learn of a genuine one. You can earn from $5 to $25 and upwards a day. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are located. Full particulars will be sent you free. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Capital not needed. You are started in business free. Both sexes. All ages. Immense profits sure for those who start at once. Your first act should be to write for particulars.—[*Adv.*]

PROF. DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"*You have demonstrated that a* PERFECTLY *pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article.*"

CHAS. S. HIGGINS' "LA BELLE" BOUQUET TOILET SOAP Being made from choicest stock, with a *large percentage* of GLYCERINE, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath, and Infants.—[*Adv.*]

FOR THROAT DISEASES AND COUGHS.
BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,

Like all other *really good* things, are imitated, and purchasers should be careful to obtain the genuine article prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, and sold only in boxes.—Price 25 cents—[*Adv.*]

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THE COCAINE HABIT.

THE WORST SLAVERY KNOWN—NEW REVELATIONS OF POWER.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

WHEN cocaine was discovered the medical world exclaimed, "Thank Heaven!"

But, useful as it is, it is also dangerous, especially when its use is perverted from the deadening of pain for surgical operations, to the stimulation and destruction of the human body. Its first effects are soothing and captivating, but the thraldom is the most horrible slavery known to humanity.

J. L. Stephens, M.D., of Lebanon, Ohio, was interviewed by our reporter yesterday at the Grand Hotel, and during the conversation the doctor said, "The cocaine habit is a thousand times worse than the morphine and opium habits, and you would be astonished," he said, "if you knew how frightfully the habit is increasing."

"What are its effects?"

"It is the worst constitution-wrecker ever known. It ruins the liver and kidneys in half a year, and when this work is done, the strongest constitution soon succumbs."

"Do you know of Dr. Underhill's case here in Cincinnati?"

"That leading physician who became a victim of the cocaine habit? Yes. His case was a very sad one, but the habit can be cured. I have rescued many a man from a worse condition."

"What, worse than Dr. Underhill's?"

"Indeed, sir, far so. Justin M. Hull, A.M., M.D., President of the State Board of Health of Iowa, and a famed practitioner; Alexander Neil, M.D., Professor of Surgery in the Columbus Medical College, and President of the Academy of Medicine, a man widely known; and Rev. W. P. Clancey, of Indianapolis, Ind., from personal experience in opium-eating, etc., can tell you of the kind of success our form of treatment wins."

"Would you mind letting our readers into the secret of your methods?"

"Well, young man, you surely have a good bit of assurance to ask a man to give his business away to the public; but I won't wholly disappoint you. I have treated over 20,000 patients. In common with many eminent physicians, I for years made a close study of the effects of the habits on the system, and the organs which they most severely attack. Dr. Hull and Dr. Neil, whom I have mentioned, and hundreds of others equally as expert, made many similar experiments on their own behalf. We each found that these drugs worked most destructively in the kidneys and liver; in fact, finally destroyed them. It was then apparent that no cure could be effected until those organs could be restored to health. We recently exhausted the entire range of medical science, experimenting with all known remedies for these organs, and as the result of these close investigations we all substantially agreed, though following different lines of inquiry, that the most reliable, scientific preparation was Warner's Safe Cure. This was the second point in the discovery. The third was our own private form of treatment, which, of course, we do not divulge to the public. Every case that we have treated first with Warner's Safe Cure, then with our own private treatment, and followed up again with Warner's Safe Cure for a few weeks, has been successful. These habits can't be cured without using it, because the habit is nourished and sustained in the liver and kidneys. The habit can be kept up in moderation, however, if free use be also made, at the same time, of that great remedy."

"Yes, it is a world-famed and justly celebrated specific! Like many other physicians, I used to deride the claims made for it, but I know now for a fact that it is the world's greatest blessing, having sovereign power over hitherto incurable diseases of the kidneys and liver, and when I have said that, young man, I have said nearly everything, for most diseases originate in, or are aggravated by, a depraved condition of the kidneys."

"People do not realize this, because, singular as it may seem, the kidneys may be in a very advanced stage of decomposition, and yet, owing to the fact that there are but few nerves of sensation in them, the subject will not experience much pain therein. On this account thousands of people die every year of kidney disease unknowingly. They have so-called disorders of the head, of the heart and lungs and stomach, and treat them in vain, for the real cause of their misery is deranged kidneys, and if they were restored to health the other disorders would soon disappear."

Dr. Stephens's experience, that can be confirmed by many thousands whom he has treated, adds only more emphasis to the experience of many hundreds of thousands all over the world, that the remedy he refers to is, without any doubt, the most beneficent discovery ever given to humanity.

We present herewith a complete List of Orders for the WESTINGHOUSE ENGINE, received by us from the NEW ENGLAND AND MIDDLE STATES ONLY, in the sixty days from Sept. 6th to Nov. 6th, 1886. FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS, and it remains only for us to express our high appreciation of the confidence with which the public has honored us.

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RHEUMATISM

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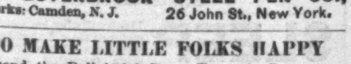

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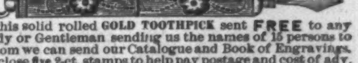

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